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THREE LITTLE SPANISH PRINCESSES.

BY ISABEL McDougall.

ONE of them was a queen, and the other two were princesses who afterward became queens. The youngest princess was the daughter of the first-mentioned queen, and the queen herself was in her teens. The other princess was the queen's stepdaughter, and she was about thirteen. In 1651, and for ten years afterward, all three lived in the gloomy "queen's quarters" of the Alcazar Palace at Madrid, when Philip IV. was King of Spain, and the great painter Velasquez was busy painting all the fine folk of the court.

The queen's quarters were decked with costly tapestries, but had few windows, and those few were without glass. In these dark rooms the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of the king, first lived alone, in such grandeur that it was considered a favor to be allowed even to linger at her door. She was a bright-eyed, gentle child, more like her mother, a lovely French princess, than like her cold, indifferent father. But her mother was dead, and her father cared only for her brother Balthazar, who was to be his heir. So Maria Theresa was rather neglected. She was taught to read and to write, and to answer all the long questions in her catechism very, very exactly, and to speak a little French. She learned to sink slowly, slowly down to the ground, and rise slowly, slowly up again, in deep curtsies that sent her brocade skirts ballooning out like children's

when they "make cheeses." These reverences were only in her father's honor, or for some especially distinguished personage. Everybody else was expected to pay them to her, and it was part of her education to receive all with haughty condescension. Daughters of the noblest families of Spain waited upon her. She must not even take a glass of water from a servant's hand. The servant brought it to the nurse, and the nurse handed it to the maid, and the maid passed it to one of the young ladies-in-waiting, and the young lady-in-waiting presented it to the infanta, who probably was growing thirstier every minute.

There were almost no fairy-tales or story-books. Spanish princesses did not read much in those days. There were no such things as jolly games, or even informal walks, or spending the day at other girls' houses. Maria Theresa's principal exercise was in those very dances and reverential bendings. Her principal entertainment was in the uncouth antics of court fools and dwarfs. Fools, or jesters, used to be kept at every court to make jokes, and the Spanish court kept more of them than any other — perhaps because it was the gravest. Dwarfs, idiots, and deformed persons were also brought there in large numbers. Many of them, according to their portraits, were hideous, and many looked ill-tempered and unhappy, which is hardly to be wondered at



THE INFANTA MARGARITA MARIA. A SPANISH PRINCESS OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
(ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)

in human beings treated like pet monkeys. It seems to us nowadays a strange taste that surrounded children of high rank with such unfortunate creatures.

As a great treat, Maria Theresa was occasionally taken to a bull-fight, and taught that it was a merry spectacle to watch the men kill the bulls, or the bulls kill the horses, in a sandy arena, arranged something like our circus-rings, only much grander. She enjoyed wearing her best clothes, and sitting with the rest of the royal family in a gorgeously decorated box, hung with crimson curtains, surmounted by the Spanish shield, and guarded by soldiers in glittering armor. Perhaps she was there, one day, when King Philip told her brother to see if he could kill the bull with his own little gun. Don Balthazar brought down the animal at the first shot, and everybody cheered. No doubt the little sister clapped her hands, too, and thought enviously that boys had much the best of it in this world, as many a girl has thought since with far less reason. Don Balthazar,* as heir to the throne, had his separate palace, his ponies and dogs and guns. At fifteen years of age he was already betrothed to Mariana, a princess of Austria, who was thirteen; for royal personages were betrothed in early childhood.

When Infanta Maria Theresa was ten they began talking about a husband for her. But here unexpectedly the little girl showed a will of her own. She said she wanted to marry her cousin, the young King of France. She had never seen him, except in a picture, but she had heard a great deal of him. Spain, which had been the most powerful of nations, was beginning to go downhill, and France was coming up. It was the most refined, the most splendid, and the wealthiest of nations. Its young king, Louis XIV., was said to be a perfect fairy prince. No one else was so handsome; no one else had so bold a spirit, or such gracious manners, or wore such magnificent clothes with so grand an air. Maria Theresa thought he would just suit her.

And then, quite suddenly, the Infante Don Balthazar died, and Maria Theresa became the heiress presumptive of the Spanish throne. Then there was no more talk of her marriage to

the King of France; if she was to be the Queen of Spain she would have to stay at home. Then there came another sudden change. The king, her father, decided to marry again; and whom should he take for a second wife but that very Mariana of Austria who had been intended for his son's bride.

Mariana does not seem to have cared much whether her husband was a young prince of sixteen or a royal widower of forty. Probably she knew that her wishes had very little to do with such a matter of state as her marriage. Besides, she was rather a stupid little princess. When she crossed the Spanish frontier on her way to her new husband's capital, a deputation came out from one small town with a welcome and a present for her. The town was famous for the manufacture of silk stockings, so the worthy citizens brought out the very finest of their wares and begged her to accept them. Her silly old chamberlain considered this an ill chosen offering to make the young lady, and waved the citizens and their gift away, saying grandly: "Fools! a Queen of Spain has no legs!" Whereupon Mariana cried out in great alarm that she did not want to be Queen of Spain; she would not have her legs cut off; she would rather go back home!

There were now a thirteen-year-old queen and an eleven-year-old infanta living together like sisters in the great palace of Madrid. They both took part in the court dances, wherein the Infanta Maria Theresa generally outshone her young stepmother. Mariana was not really a pretty girl, but she had abundant fair hair, her eyes were blue, her skin white and rosy, all of which was much admired by the dark-complexioned Spaniards, and her gloomy husband enjoyed her childish gaiety. Her duenna had to rebuke her for laughing too uproariously at the court dwarf. "Then let this irresistible jester be removed," said Mariana. Once she showed her idea of humor by setting loose some white mice among her maids-of-honor, to see them scramble shrieking out of the way.

It took a long time to make a dignified Spanish queen of this simple German princess, but it was done at last. She sent a picture of herself proudly home to Vienna, so that her friends

* See "Three Boys in Armor," in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1898.

might see how she looked in the peculiarly ugly dress then worn by noble Spanish ladies. They wore huge oval hoops, flattened in front and behind, but standing out so far on the sides that they would hardly pass through the doors. The managers of theaters used to make ladies pay for two places. They plastered themselves over so thickly with powder and paint that one could hardly tell what the face underneath was like. Then it was the fashion to wear wigs of wool or silk, and these were frizzed to stand out on both sides of the face. In Queen Mariana's picture her wig is arranged in regular rows of ringlets, coming down about even with her chin; each one is tied at the end with a funny red bow, and over the whole mass falls a long white feather. She was fifteen when this was painted, and the mother of a dear little daughter, the pet and pride of the whole court.

Little Margarita came like a single ray of sunshine into Philip IV.'s last years of decline and disaster. A portrait of her that was sent to her aunt, the mother of the young French king, still hangs in the Louvre Palace at Paris, and is pleasing because of its sweet baby look and its quaint, old-fashioned dress. "L'Infante Marguerite" is marked in gold letters over the flower-like little face, with its large, serious blue eyes, and its frame of silvery fair hair. Her hair is tied on one side with a bow of ribbon, and her tiny gown of white silk is trimmed with black lace, and spread out over a hoop as large in proportion to its four-year-old wearer as that of a grown woman.

Little Margarita was full of fascinating baby tricks, so that even the fastidious French ambassador, De Gramont, wrote that she was a "little angel," and declared her to be "as sprightly and pretty as possible."

She must have been a restless little mortal, for in the most famous picture of her half a dozen people seem to have been brought together for the purpose of keeping her quiet, and even the king and queen themselves were present to use their royal authority over their rebellious pet. One may see their faces reflected in the mirror that hangs upon the wall, and we see the infanta's eyes looking out of the picture at them, instead of at the pretty maid-of-honor who is kneeling before her with a cup

of water. The small princess is in the act of taking the cup, but she pays so little attention to it that she will surely spill it over her new frock. Another maid-of-honor makes a light curtsey with her hands spread out upon her large hoop. Then, there is a big dog lying on the floor, with two ugly dwarfs beside him; there is the painter Velasquez himself, busy at his easel; and, further back, a lady, and two gentlemen in waiting, or guards. The room is a vast one, with dim pictures on the wall, and the mirror already mentioned.

It all showed so exactly the way the idolized little princess looked in her every-day surroundings that the king exclaimed delightedly: "There is but one thing lacking to this picture." And he took up the brush himself, and painted the red Cross of Santiago upon the breast of Velasquez's portrait. You will see this bit of royal handiwork in the copy of this famous picture here reprinted from a former number of St. NICHOLAS.

Very likely this was a poor enough bit of painting; but you may be sure Velasquez preferred it to the whole of the canvas, for it was the badge of a noble order of knighthood, to which his sovereign thus gracefully admitted him with his own hand.

Afterwards, Queen Mariana had two little sons. The Infanta Maria Theresa was no longer heiress to the throne, and there was no reason why she should not leave the country. De Gramont, the French ambassador, came seeking a wife for his young master, and Maria Theresa's childish wish came true. She was greatly pleased. She used to run away from her ladies-in-waiting to the room where hung the portrait of the handsome French king, and curtsey to it, saying with a laugh:

"That is for my bridegroom!"

So the King of France, with a magnificent suite, journeyed down from Paris to the frontier of his kingdom; and the Spanish princess, with a magnificent suite, journeyed up from Madrid to the frontier of hers; and there, on an island in the Bidassoa, which is the boundary stream, they were very magnificently wedded. The bride's dresses filled twelve large trunks, covered with crimson velvet and mounted with silver; twenty morocco trunks

"THE MAIDS-OF-HONOR," THE INFANTA AND HER ATTENDANTS.
(ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, IN MADRID.)



contained her linen; fifty mules were laden with her toilet plate and her perfumes. Besides all this, she took with her quantities of presents, among them two chests filled with purses, gloves, perfumes, and whisker-cases for her future brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans. I cannot tell you exactly what "whisker-cases" were, except that they were made of leather, and that the dandies of the time went to bed with them on their mustaches. Perhaps they were something like curl-papers.

Ah, well! There is seldom anything pleasant to tell of the grown-up lives of little princesses, even when their childhood has been happy. Poor Maria Theresa had never been educated into the good and intelligent woman that she might have made. At her husband's gay court she cut a poor figure. He

was always polite to her, but cared nothing for her society, and found his amusements or attended to his business without any thought of her. Nobody was of less consequence in France than the lonely, neglected wife of the king.

When she died, King Louis said, in his grand, selfish way, that this was the first trouble she had ever given him; and everybody thought it very kind of him to say so much.

Queen Mariana was left a young widow with a sickly baby son. Until he grew up she ruled the kingdom for him; and she ruled it very badly, for she had developed into a peevish, obstinate, narrow-minded woman.

As for the Infanta Margarita, sad to say, she lost her prettiness as she became older, and was married, as an ugly little girl of thirteen, to the Emperor Leopold of Austria.



"DON'T MOVE!"

MARK TWAIN'S PETS.

BY EDWIN WILDMAN.



THE "PILOT HOUSE."

You might not suspect the great humorist "Mark Twain" of being fond of cats and dogs. Though it would seem

fancies and imaginary characters, always getting into laughable and difficult situations, Mark Twain yet has room for thoughts of friends belonging to the animal kingdom. He once owned four of the prettiest and daintiest mousers that ever basked in an atmosphere of fame.

When Mark Twain lived at "Quarry Farm," a picturesque home high up on a southern New York mountain, overlooking many miles of landscape, he did most of his writing in a little eight-sided summer house, which he called his "Pilot House," in memory of the days long ago when he was a pilot on the Mississippi River. That adventurous business he followed for ten years, until the outbreak of the Civil War, when, deprived of his occupation and means of livelihood, as navigation was closed, he turned to account his talent for telling funny stories, and



MARK TWAIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE, "QUARRY FARM."

as a newspaper reporter and humorist began the career that has led to fame and fortune.

Those ten years and the following five were filled with incidents, and proved a rich storehouse

ever saw. It is octagonal, with a peaked roof, each face filled with a spacious window; and it sits perched in complete isolation on top of an elevation that commands leagues and leagues of valley and city and retreating ranges of distant blue hills. . . . And when the storms sweep down the remote valley, and the lightning flashes above the hills beyond, and the rain beats upon the roof over my head—imagine the luxury of it!"

Cozily nestling in a great chair or snuggled comfortably upon an old lounge in this literary workshop, at almost any time of the day, could be found Mark Twain's pets. They were allowed there because they had the good manners to keep quiet while he worked. If they had presumed to jump upon the desk and put their little

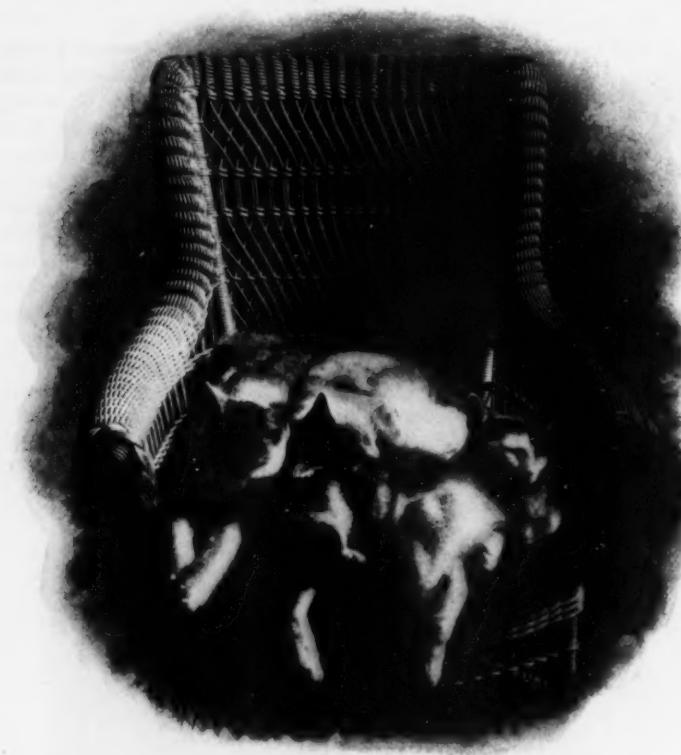
from which, in after days, he drew material that kept the world in merriment. It was very natural, then, that he should seek to surround himself with an environment that called up to his mind more vividly the early days in which occurred the thrilling events of which he wrote.

From the great height of Quarry Farm, sitting in his Pilot House, Mark Twain could look out across a wide valley for miles and miles, and, perhaps, imagine himself again at the steering wheel, high on the hurricane-deck of a Mississippi steamer. When Mark Twain took possession of the Pilot House as a study, he wrote of it to a friend: "It is the loveliest study you

feet upon the manuscript or tip over the ink, they would not have been as welcome guests.

The cozy little Pilot House was very popular with these cats. It may have been because it was such a nice, sunny place, having windows upon all of its sides. Being upon the very tip-top of the great hill, it received the warmth of the first and last rays of the sun, of which these pets were quite as fond as was the humorist himself. Mark Twain knew that although cats are said to have nine lives, the time must come when even his pets and he would have to part, so one day he summoned Mr. Van Aken, the photographer, to climb up

MARK TWAIN'S CATS, BEFORE THE DOG INTERFERED.



the winding road that runs from Elmira in the valley to Quarry Farm, to take pictures of the cats. Mr. Van Aken, who claims to be the "longest man in the business" because he is the tallest, arrived, after a long trudge, at Quarry Farm. He found four lively, restless sitters, who had never known a harsh word, bowed to no mandate but their own untrammeled wills, and had always been rocked in the cradle of luxury.

Now, how was he to pose those cats? They had never been to a photograph gallery; had never been rebuked for tardiness at meals; had never been told to sit up straight, look pretty, and smile sweetly.

It was a task at which even the "longest man in the business" stood aghast. Finally a happy idea occurred to their master. The cats were corralled by the alluring prospect of something to eat, and all bunched in their favorite chair, with the warm rays of the sun shining directly into their eyes. They blinked they winked, and finally, forgetting all but the coziness of their situation, went soundly to sleep.

And another pet, a dog, came in. Jealous of all those attentions to mere cats, he was fuming with impatience outside the window, but no notice was taken of him, despite his whining and prancing. Mr.

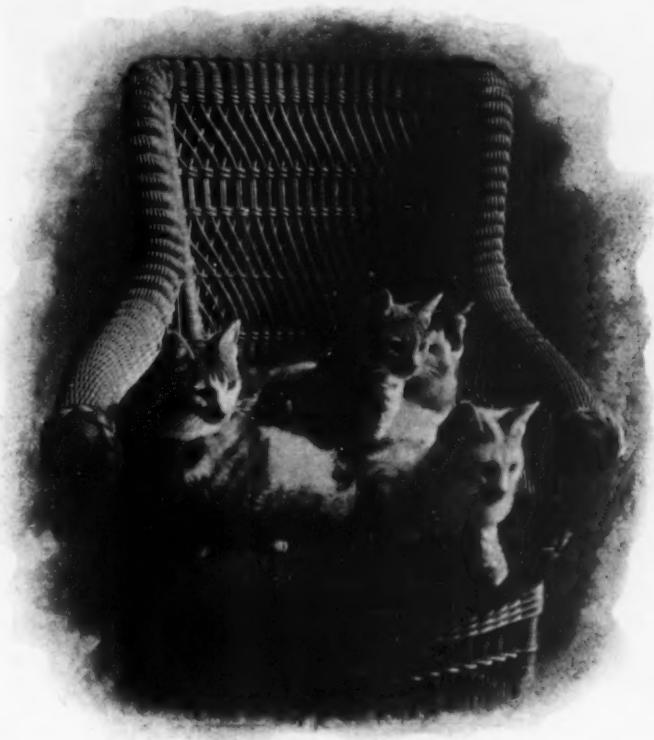
Van Aken took off the cap of his camera, and everybody but the cats held their breath for an instant.

"Better take another, to make sure," said Mark Twain, as the cats slept on. So the

camera was prepared and another plate put in. But the dog could endure neglect no longer, and just as Mr. Van Aken reached for the cap, Mr. Dog jumped nearly up to the window and brought his paw down across the pane with an emphatic "Yap!"

Well! Like a flash, every head was up. But that flash was enough; the cap was off, and the cats were caught — but in the camera only, for they gave a wild leap, scattered for dear life around the corners of the Pilot House, and vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Although docile and mild, those cats never



THE DOG TAPS ON THE WINDOW.

took kindly to Mark Twain's dog. In vain did the master struggle to get an amnesty declared; the cats and the dog would never lie down in peace. Mark Twain reasoned with the cats and chastised the dog, but as long as

they lived the feud existed. It must have been some old quarrel handed down from generation to generation, for even the subtle humorist was not able to fathom the cause of their dislike to one another.

And now comes the saddest part of the

died, and their only memorial is a shaft of sunshine that comes, every cloudless day, into the little Pilot House at Quarry Farm, and crossing the room rests caressingly upon an old lounge where once the pet cats basked lazily in its comforting warmth.

And here, then, is their obituary, short and unromantic, yet it will show that even Mark Twain's cats contributed to the diffusion of knowledge, and that their little lives were not lived in vain:

"HARTFORD, CONN.

"I don't know as there is anything of continental or international interest to communicate about those cats. They had no history. They did not distinguish themselves in any way. They died early—on account of being over-weighted with their names, it was thought, —‘Sour Mash,’ ‘Apollinaris,’ ‘Zoroaster,’ ‘Blatherskite,’—names given them, not in an



MARK TWAIN AT WORK IN THE "PILOT HOUSE."
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. M. VAN AKEN.)

story—so sad, indeed, that the writer feels that he is incapable of doing the subject justice.

The cats, in due time, lost all their lives. Of that misfortune let their master speak—the dog it was that lived; but let not the blame be his, for perhaps he was innocent. But they

unfriendly spirit, but merely to practise the children in large and difficult styles of pronunciation.

"It was a very happy idea—I mean, for the children.

"MARK TWAIN."



THE PILLOW-FAIRIES.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

I 'VE just found out the queerest thing!
Sometimes, when I am good,
And go to bed without a word
When mama says I should,—
The fairies come there in the night,—
They fly in with their wings,—
And underneath my pillows white
They leave a lot of things.

One day it was a penny new,
One day a dolly sweet,
And once it was a picture-book,
And once a cake to eat.

They do not always come—oh, no!
They have too much to do.
But when you are not thinking so,
They bring a gift to you.

And now it 's fun to go to bed;
Sometimes I lie and wait
To catch the fairies flying in—
They must come very late.
I never seem to see them quite,
Although I hear their wings;
But—just then it is morning light,
And time to find my things.



A HARMLESS EARTHQUAKE.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

IT was five minutes to twelve on the last night of the old year. One would suppose that at five minutes to twelve every small boy and every small girl would be in bed and, what is more, asleep hours ago.

Here were Mr. Schmidt and Mrs. Schmidt, who were grown up, so that was well enough; but here were nine little Schmidts, and they were all wide awake at this late hour. Peter Schmidt and Hans Schmidt were twins. There was Greta Schmidt, there was Louise Schmidt—but dear me! it is too much to give all their names. Two pairs of twins make four, and five who were n't twins—four and five make nine little Schmidts. Add Papa and Mama Schmidt, and there were eleven in the family.

Why were they all up and dressed at so late an hour? To explain, they were just from Germany—not that very day, but only a few weeks from the "Faderland"; and now they lived in a tenement-house in a great city. It was not one of the very, very poor tenements, but fairly comfortable. They had not learned new ways yet, but did everything as they had done it in the home land.

It was funny to see them at five minutes to twelve on the last night of the old year. Papa Schmidt and Mama Schmidt and all the little Schmidts stood each one on a chair, each one bent over ready to spring, but with chin raised, and every eye on the clock. It seemed as if that minute-hand never would get over the last five minutes. When the clock struck twelve, they jumped to the floor all together, as hard as ever they could, and shouted, "*Glückliches Neu Jahr!*" as loud as ever they could. They called it "jumping into the New Year." It was what they used to do in Germany.

Now, Papa Schmidt and Mama Schmidt were really heavy, and the little Schmidts were by no means thin. The tenement-house, though comfortable, was by no means new, and when they all came down hard it made things shake.

Then something funny happened.

In the next rooms another family lived. Not being German, but Irish, they had gone to bed

in good season, and were fast asleep, ready to wake up and wish one another "Happy New Year" when the daylight came. In the middle of the night the bed shook. Papa and Mama Dolan were wide awake in an instant.

"I belave it's an earthquake, shure! The powers presarve us!" said Mama Dolan.

"Where's thim matches, now?" said Papa Dolan—as if he needed a light to see an earthquake. Then little Pat Dolan set up a yell. He was lying pretty near the edge of his cot, and the jar of the "earthquake" had sent him bumping on the floor.

"Bedad!" said Papa Dolan, who had a light by this time, and was pulling on his trousers. "It's thim haythenish Germans next door. Bad cess to the lot! It's mesilf will fix them so they won't go disturbin' quiet folk!" And out he went into the hall, Mama Dolan after him in her wrapper, and little Pat after her in his night-gown, crying noisily.

"Hush up, will ye, youngster!" said Papa Dolan, who was cross at the sudden wakening. He gave a thundering knock on the Schmidts' door, and marched in, scarcely waiting for any one to say "Come."

"I'll call the perlice. What yer rowin' for like—?" But he could n't finish. His voice was drowned by a chorus of eleven voices, each shouting, "*Glückliches Neu Jahr!*" and each face beamed. At that little Pat yelled louder than ever, he was so frightened, and hid his face in his mama's gown.

Mr. Schmidt could speak a little English, and he said: "I see. You not understand. Ve make—vat you call it?—Happy New Year. Ve joomp in the New Year. See?"

He climbed on the chair and jumped. And all the Schmidts climbed up and jumped, too.

It was ludicrous, and it touched the Irish love of fun so that Mr. and Mrs. Dolan laughed till the tears came. Of course they could n't feel vexed any more; and Pat laughed because they did.

"Shure, an' is that all?" said Mr. Dolan. He looked at the group. "Well, 't is no won-

dher ye made the owld house trimble. Now, now, give us your hand. It won't bring on let 's shake hands. You 're good fellows, I another earthquake to shake hands."



"'I BELAVE IT 'S AN EARTHQUAKE, SHURE! THE POWERS PRESARVE US!" SAID MAMA DOLAN."

see, even to the bit baby, an' meant no harrum, So they shook hands all round, little and an' I 'll not call the perlice this time. Here big, and wished each other "Happy New Year,"

with the heartiest good-will, in English and And then Papa and Mama Schmidt, and the in German, and their curious mixture of both. four twins, and the five who were not twins,



"THEY JUMPED TO THE FLOOR ALL TOGETHER, AND SHOUTED, 'GLÜCKLICHES NEU JAHR!'"

Then Papa and Mama Dolan and little Pat went to bed also, for midnight was past and went back to their own rooms and to bed. the "Glückliches Neu Jahr" had come.

THE RAID OF THE RAFFERTYS: A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

By R. W. RAYMOND.

"What can't be endured
Must be cured."

Revised Version.



MISS MARTHA LU-
CRETIA FRIS-
BIE TODD
Was very rich
and very odd.
Her grandfather on
her mother's side
(I mean old Frisbie),
when he died,
Left her a wad of
money; and Todd,
Her father, left
her another
wad;
And thus the or-
phan, by fa-
voring fates,
Became possessor of both estates,
Each of them large enough for two
Moderate people, like me and you.
Here ends my first division, which
Tells you briefly how she got rich.

What made her odd? That was begun
When she was born, the only one
To inherit the wealth from whales and cods
Amassed by generations of Todds,
And the Frisbie money, reported to come
From cargoes of New England rum.
In lonesome grandeur the earth she trod;
One's an odd number, so she was odd—
Miss Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!

Proud of her aristocratic descent,
With other children she never went.
Relatives, even, she would not claim;
For there was nobody of her name—
Never a soul above the sod
That was a genuine Frisbie Todd.
Cousins, of course, to a large amount
She had,—poor cousins, who did n't count.

There was an Uncle Frisbie, whose
Business lay in mending shoes.
He had taken his children, Jack and Hatty,
To the far West,—to Cincinnati,—
And died, and nothing had ever come back
In the way of news from Hatty and Jack.

And there was a nearer cousinly brood
She would not suffer to intrude
Upon her elegant solitude;
The Raffertys, namely—the children many
Of good-looking Patrick of Kilkenny,
Who carried away in his mason's hod
The heart of Aunt Matilda Todd;
And having the heart, he
took the rest
With an hon-
est hand
toaloving
breast.
He was a hus-
bandkind
and true;



"WITH OTHER CHILDREN SHE NEVER WENT."

They were happy and well-to-do;
And the little Raffertys were not few.

Miss Lucretia used strong appellatives
Concerning these plebeian relatives—
Thought that, if gone, "they would n't be
missed";
Did n't believe they ought to exist.



"SHE DETECTED SWINDLERS BY THEIR LOOKS."

And so she grew through many a year
More lonely, selfish, proud, and queer,
Till what she had and what she lacked
Made some folks say she must be cracked.

Not that she showed incompetence:
She had no end of business sense;
Commanded servants, kept her books,
Detected swindlers by their looks,
Bought cheap, sold dear, and got in trade
The best of every bargain made.
But never did she condescend
To think, acknowledge, or pretend
That any person was her friend.
Their business over, all retired,
With mingled anger and awe inspired
By the superior farewell nod
Of Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

And she was pious — had a pew;
Paid for it promptly, sat in it, too —
Filled it, in fact; for none would dare
To introduce a stranger where

Sat, like a pea in a roomy pod,
Miss Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!

Once a year the minister called,
Timidly wiping his forehead bald,
And coughing meekly, to intimate
That the sufferings of the poor were great,
And the church expenses were heavy indeed,

And foreign missions were much in need.
He did not have to utter a word,
For she behaved as if she had heard,
And handed him, ere he had begun,
A check with a couple of naughts and a one;

Then he made haste to disappear,
Not to return for another year,
While she was conscious of treating God
In the style becoming a Frisbie Todd!

Perhaps you will say: "Here is no fact
To indicate that Miss Todd was cracked."
Perhaps you will say: "The case is plain;
The woman was somewhat sour, but sane.
If selfishness were loss of wit,
Any one might be charged with it."
But I venture to say that if you view
A person selfish through and through,
Within that person you will find
Somewhere a crack in that person's mind.



"ONCE A YEAR THE MINISTER CALLED."



CAPTAIN TODD.

At all events, this happened
to be
True of one person, as you
will see.

For she, shut up to pride
and pelf,
Had made a world unto herself,
And, since no kin nor friend was hers,
Dwelt ever with her ancestors.
Within her stately dining-hall
Their portraits hung along the wall:
Old Todd, whose weather-beaten front
Told of the stormy ocean hunt;
Old Frisbie, whose bright ruby nose
Betrayed the beverage he chose;
And Todds and Frisbies back of these,



THE CAVALIER.



GRANDFATHER FRISBIE.

Having less certain pedigrees,
Indeed, the truth must be confessed,
The lady had picked up the rest

At auction sales where heirlooms old
To sympathetic heirs are sold!
Thus she had got a cavalier
With plumed hat cocked above his ear —
That was a Frisbie most antique
Once settled on the Chesapeake.
And near him hung a face sedate
As of a councilor of state —
'T was "Governor" Frisbie; but of what
He governor was, this tale saith not.



AN EARLY TODD.



LADY FRISBIE.



GOVERNOR FRISBIE.

And there was one with bands and gown
 And folded palms and holy frown;
 This soundly learned man of God
 Was said to be an early Todd.
 And here and there a woman's face
 Looked stiffly over frills of lace,
 With hands in jeweled rings arrayed
 Upon a satin stomach laid.
 'T was Lady Frisbie, true to life,
 Or Mistress Todd, the doctor's wife.



MARTHA LUCRETIA FRISBIE TODD.

Miss Martha's mother was not there :
 Poor thing ! she had had naught to spare
 Of time or money from her toil,
 To get her portrait done in oil ;
 For she had washed and darned and cooked
 While Father Todd harpooned and hooked ;
 Ere he had gathered his golden gain
 She was beyond all paint or pain ;
 And as auctioneers don't furnish mothers,
 Her face was not among the others.

But there was a picture of a girl
 Grimly gorgeous in starch and curl,
 With a poodle and pony and other pets,

And most remarkable pantalets,
 And mits, and a riding-whip in her hand,
 And in the distance a castle grand ;
 And this little girl with a riding-rod
 Was Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

I might observe, with obvious ground,
 One could not see, as one looked around,
 The Rafferty who had carried the hod
 And married Aunt Matilda Todd,
 Or that most respectable Frisbie whose
 Life was devoted to cobbling shoes.
 Such folks Miss Martha could n't let in ;
 They were as if they had never been ;
 While, on the other hand, to her
 A lot who never *had* been *were*.
 She believed in them all, and curtsied and
 bowed,
 She simpered, and spoke to them aloud,
 And seemed to hear, as well as to hark,
 When each one answered her remark.
 Indeed, to quote her footman John,
 "It was creepy an' crawly, 'ow she went on !"
 But creepiest, crawliest, I must say,
 Was her performance on Christmas day ;
 For then, with all the pride that was in her,
 She gave her ancestors a dinner !
 Silver and china and glass galore ;
 Bunch of mistletoe over the door ;
 Turkey as big as an albatross ;
 Sage and onions and cranberry sauce ;
 Plenty of mince and pumpkin pie,
 With apples and walnuts by and by ;
 And, to indigestion antidotal,
 Something to drink not *too* teetotal.
 Yet nobody sat at the table broad
 But Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd !

There she sat in her splendor dressed,
 Bowing and smiling to each new guest,
 As, in her fancy, the sirs and dames
 Came one by one from their gilded frames
 To share the viands and taste the cup
 Of her who had bought and hung them up ;
 Graciously greeted each empty chair,
 Seeing a high-bred visitor there ;
 Heard and answered in fine content
 Many a courtly compliment ;
 Till at last, with a grave decorum,
 She rose and curtsied low before 'em,

And sailed away, in the style of hostesses,
Leading a train of lady ghostesses,
And leaving the gentlemen ghosts to sip
Bubbling cider and steaming flip!



FOOTMAN JOHN.

The brightest youngsters in all the place;
And these, by virtue of native gift
And cheery temper and sober thirst,
Had prospered quite beyond the stage
Of anybody's patronage.
They cared not for the manners odd
Of Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd;
They pitied her who could not be
A fortunate Todd-Rafferty.
They wrote not letters by the dozen
To flatter their beloved cousin,
Nor ever o'er her threshold slid
To ask her sweetly how she did;
They were not even waiting till
They could contest Miss Martha's will.
Only on Christmas day, of course,
The Raffertys turned out in force,
Marched through the unfrequented door,
Drew up in line along the floor,
Presenting thus a smiling squad
To Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd,
And solemnly, yet lightly too,
Remarked in chorus:

"Here 's to you!
The Raffertys would be delighted
If you would kindly feel invited

How they did it I cannot
say;
Certainly, nothing was left
next day—
All of the victual and
drink was gone.
Perhaps the maids, and
that footman John
Could have told us how
it was done!

Patrick Rafferty of the
hod
And she that was Matilda
Todd
At this period of my story
Long ago had gone to
glory,
Leaving behind a numer-
ous race —

To come along with them and see
A real old Rafferty Christmas spree!"

Then, waiting not for more reply
Than mutely gave her stony eye,
The Raffertys would homeward plod
From Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.
"Sure, it 's no use," they laughing said;
"She 's got ancestors in her head.
But blood is blood; 't was but polite
Our own relation to invite.
Faith, conversation must be small
With all those people on the wall,
And human patience it must tax,
Carving turkey for canvasbacks!
Poor lonesome creature, doomed to be
A Todd without the Rafferty!"

So year by year the thing went on.
It sadly worried footman John
That the Raffertys were so sat upon;
Those fine young people had not merited
To be disowned and disinherited.
If they could only break the spell,
Bring their cousin to know them well,
Make the old place ring with jokes
And swarm with regular human folks,
Put in the gar-

ret that
painted
throng,—

The garret,
where such
things be-
long,—
And stop these
creepy
goings-
on —

"I 'll try it,"
one day
said foot-
man John!

"SHE ROSE AND CURTSIED LOW
BEFORE 'EM."

That very day a hint he spake
The Raffertys were quick to take.
"Sure," they remarked, with sparkling eyes,
"T will give our cousin a grand surprise;
And her ghostly dinner — it shall be
A real old Rafferty Christmas spree!"

Christmas was then not far away,
And the time grew shorter every day;
But what the Raffertys took in hand
Was bound to "go," you will understand.
Besides, they could always rely upon
The help of the maids and the footman John.
In secret visits to the hall
They studied the pictures, one and all;

The rest had departed, every one of 'em,
Every mother's daughter and son of 'em
(It was very cleverly done of 'em!),
Leaving alone with her ribbons and rod
Little Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!
And the grown-up Martha, down below,
Felt her senses beginning to go;
For it's two very different things, you know,



"OLD FATHER TODD, WITH HUSKY CHEER, CALLED, 'WHY ARE NOT THE RAFFERTYS HERE?'"

Of every picture they dressed with art
A Rafferty for a counterpart;
And when the festival hour was come,
John smuggled them into an anteroom,
Where giggling they waited the sign agreed,
On which the procession should proceed.
John, meanwhile, in his thoughtful way,
Had altered the scene to suit the play.

Feather-headed and satin-shod,
Came Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.
She entered the glittering banquet-hall,
And smiled politely along the wall;
But it froze her greeting upon her tongue
To note that each frame empty hung!—
Excepting only the maiden young,
Who primly presented her posies and pets,
Her pony and poodle and pantalets.

To dream a dream and to find it's so!
It gives you a shock that you had n't
conceived

To see what you made-believe you believed!
And the shock to this credulous female
skeptic
Rendered her almost cataleptic.
She was near to leaving her earthly frame,
When the door flew open, and in they came!

Every one went straight to his place;
She sank in hers; and who said grace
But the Reverend Dr. Ichabod
Whom she had purchased and surnamed
Todd!

After that the fun began,
And soon so fast and furious ran,

The hostess hung her frightened head,
Wishing her ancestors were dead!

Old Father Todd, with husky cheer,
Called, "Why are not the Raffertys here?"
And the governor and the cavalier
Pounded the table and cried, "Hear! hear!"
And Father Frisbie, whose nasal red
Over his great round face had spread,
Pounded likewise, and said, "Well said!"
And yet more terrible was the din
When all the ladies came chattering in
With, "Pray, what could you be thinking about
To leave those charming Raffertys out?"

Then each began most boisterously
To praise some particular Rafferty.
The governor vowed that he
 liked Jim—
There was something dignified
 in him;
The cavalier said fair Kathleen
Much resembled the Maiden
 Queen;
Old Frisbie bawled out Peggy's
 praise—
She made him think of his
 younger days;
And Father Todd exclaimed:
 "Egad!
Give me young Patrick; he 's
 the lad!"
Whereat the ladies all began
Each to extol some favorite
 man:
Terence and James and Mike
 and Pat
Were praised for this and
 praised for that,
Till Dr. Ichabod, waxing
hot,
Thundered: "You 're all a
 precious lot;
But the first and foremost o'
 the men is
That fine young fellow whose
 name is Dennis!"

Then the whole crowd, with one accord,
Faced about to the head of the board,

And in a chorus loud and clear
Repeated thrice: "Why — are n't — they —
here?"

Poor Martha! 'T was too much for her.
"Good heavens!" she cried, "I wish they
 were!
I wish you all were safely dead,
And the Raffertys were here instead!"

More she had uttered, I make no doubt,
But here her failing strength gave out,
And to the floor, a senseless clod,
Fell Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

"T was but a temporary fit;
But e'er she had come out of it



"SHE WAS TOO HAPPY TO OBJECT."

Swift hands had wrought a mighty change
Within her wondering vision's range;

For when she lifted up her face,
Lo ! every picture was in place,
And round the table, to her surprise,
The Raffertys sat, without disguise !
Jim occupied the governor's chair
With quite a gubernatorial air ;
Michael's features did still disclose



"THE POOR REMEMBERED HER JOYFULLY."

Some of the hue of old Frisbie's nose ;
Pat was the image of Father Todd,
And Dennis of Dr. Ichabod,
While elegant Terence, it was clear,
Ought to have been a cavalier ;
And Polly and Peggy and Kathleen
Were scattered about, the boys between.
Their hair still stood in the high old style
(They could n't take that down in a
minute !) ;

But they had put on the Rafferty smile,
With never a bit of stiffness in it —
The Rafferty smile, that did comprise
The pearly teeth and the starry eyes,
And gave a truly bewitching air
Even to towers of powdered hair,
As if some tricksy, laughing fay

Peeped from
under a
castle gray.

Then into a great melodic shout
The rollicking Raffertys broke out :
"Dear cousin," they cried,
"it was so polite
Us to your dinner to invite ;
And we feel specially at home
Because you wished that we would come.
You made that very plain,
you know,
When you told the others to go !
No matter if to-morrow find

You altered to your former mind,
We 'll let this one occasion be
A real Todd-Rafferty Christmas spree !"

So said, so done. The dame obeyed,
Too paralyzed to feel afraid,
Too numb to scorn, too dazed to scoff,
Till presently the chill wore off
In something she did not expect —
She was too happy to object !

Oh, that was a feast of fire and fun,
If there ever on earth was one!
Loving mockery, kindly wit,
And Martha right in the midst of it,
More and more to herself confessing
How her hard pride was deliquescent,
More and more to her guests betraying
All that she to herself was saying.

Have you never under a shower-bath
stood,
Gasping and chuckling and feeling good,
When, after the first sensation numb,
The glorious prickles begin to come,
And every nerve from crown to toe
Leaps and tingles and sings, "Ho, ho"?
In that selfsame way at this period
Felt Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!
Gone was her spirit's icy crust
Of dim delusion and dumb distrust,
And speak she did, for speak she must,
While the Rafferty cousins, wondering, saw
How spring, resistless, follows a thaw.
"I have lived," she said, "in a dream apart.
You have opened my eyes and waked my
heart;
And I gladly exchange the past so drear
For the Christmas present you bring me
here!"

She never returned to her lonesome ways.
All of her days were Christmas days,

And the rest of her life turned out to be
A long Todd-Rafferty Christmas spree!
Footman John said: "It were prime
To see her a-makin' up lost time!"
All the neighbors shared in the fun;
She was a neighbor to every one.
The poor remembered her joyfully,
And so did the heathen over the sea
(Though perhaps *they* did n't know it was
she!).

The minister used to call and stay,
Instead of piously running away;
He got not only a check, but a chat,
Yet the check was all the bigger for that;
And it was really a thing to view,
How many people sat in her pew!

But the Raffertys were her delight;
She could n't bear them out of her sight.
They put her up to adventures new,
And whatever she did they helped her do.

Many a year she among them moved,
Blessing and blessed, and loving and loved.
When she was gone, a grand conclave
Met in the graveyard around her grave,
Pondering long what flower were best
To mark with beauty her place of rest.
They wanted something appropriate—
Something lovely that blossomed late;
So the Raffertys planted a goldenrod
Over Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. HOUSE.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER V.

THE ANTIQUITY OF PUNS AND REPARTEES.

THE museum, as Uncle Claxton called it, consisted of a series of large rooms in which were gathered great numbers of curious and valuable objects, mostly collected by their owner during his travels in various parts of

the world. Uncle Claxton used to say he had no time to put his treasures in order, but for this very reason the children found them all the more attractive. They never knew what marvels they might light upon as they wandered here and there.

Following the instruction of the previous Friday, the young guests amused themselves in this delightful resort until their uncle joined them, a little before the dinner-hour.

"Have you discovered anything new?" he asked, as they ran to greet him.

"There are always new things," answered Amy, speaking first,—"new and beautiful. But I am just as fond of the old ones."

"Are you, my dear? It is good to stand by tried friends. And which of those old ones do you like best?"

Amy looked around, but made no reply.

"Oh, Amy," cried Harry, "why don't you tell?"

"You think it is easy, Master Harry? Well, then, tell us *your* first choice."

But, somewhat to his own surprise, Harry was as much at a loss as his sister; and so, it proved on inquiry, were Percy and Louise. Little Dick, however, was troubled by no doubt. When asked to name his favorite object in the museum, he answered promptly:

"You, uncle."

"Bless me, Childe Richard!—I never should have suspected you of being a courtier."

"Did you say he had *caught* you, uncle?" asked Percy.

"My flighty nephew, this is the second pun you have made lately, and both as bad as could be. Are you going to let it grow into a habit?"

"Puns are disreputable," remarked Amy. "Somebody said that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket."

"Oh, Dr. Samuel Johnson, of course," replied Percy. "He was too stiff and pompous for puns or jokes of any sort."

"That is a mistake, Percy," corrected Uncle Claxton. "I know the remark is often credited to Dr. Johnson, but it was an older and less celebrated writer, John Dennis by name, who said something of the kind. He did not, however, condemn all puns. Only a particular kind irritated him. As to Johnson, he had his merry moments. He could even make comic verses—though very few people seem to be aware of the fact. You will read and laugh at them one of these days. Oh, no; the burly doctor was not always sitting in state. I dare say he would not strongly have objected to a pun, if it had been one of his own manufacture."

"So much the better for him," Percy announced. "Do you call puns disreputable?"

"Amy was joking, you know. Puns may be permitted when they are very good indeed—good enough to be really witty; not otherwise. It is true they have the sanction of great antiquity to support them."

"Do you mean it, uncle?"

"Certainly. Does not the oldest of poets, Homer, make his hero Ulysses escape a terrible danger by aid of a pun? When captured by Polyphemus, the huge king of the Cyclops, Ulysses said his name was 'Noman.' Afterward, in a struggle for life, he put out the giant's single eye, and the sufferer, helpless in his blindness, called upon his subjects to inflict vengeance. When asked who was the guilty one, Polyphemus shouted that Noman had wounded him, and Noman should be slain. The other Cyclops took him at his word, and punished *no man*; and presently Ulysses, who had kept himself in hiding, got safely away. There were plenty of clever men among the ancients who made puns whenever they saw a chance. Demosthenes, the great Grecian orator, was not above them; and no Roman scholar was more distinguished than Cicero, who delighted in this kind of pleasantry."

"Cicero again!" exclaimed Harry. "He must have been a man worth knowing. Were *his* puns good, uncle?"

"They had that reputation. When he was in his prime it was the fashion to credit him with almost every joke in circulation. But this did not quite please him. While he was on a military expedition in Asia, he wrote home to a friend, complaining that all sorts of wretched puns were passed off in his name, because he was absent and could not defend himself. He laughingly told his correspondent that he was not ashamed of his own 'salt-works,'—salt being a byword, both in Greece and Rome, for wit,—but refused to be accountable for the poor stuff turned out by inferior manufacturers. Julius Cæsar thought so highly of Cicero's smart sayings that he made a large collection of them. Of course they lose a good deal in translation, and witcisms that have to be explained never seem to amount to much. However, you shall hear one or two. There was a senator who hated to be reminded that his father had been a

cook. Cicero pretended to compliment him on his knowledge of law, but used words that had a double significance, and sounded as if he was praising a cook for his gravy. Another senator was equally ashamed of being the son of a tailor. Cicero congratulated him on his sharpness in a point of argument, and said, 'You have touched the thing with a needle.' I am happy to say that he could rise above puns, when he saw an opportunity, and his sharp thrusts of railing were as much dreaded as his powerful oratory. When the rich Crassus was close upon sixty years old, he remarked in a public speech that none of his family had ever passed that age. Cicero declared that the statement was made to gain popularity, because nothing could please the citizens more than to hear from Crassus himself that he was near his end.

"An opposing advocate wound up an argument by stating that his client had urged him to conduct the case with industry, eloquence, and fidelity. 'Then how *could you*,' demanded Cicero, 'have the heart to disregard every one of his requests?' Sometimes the satirist's retorts were rather brutal. One day, when Cicero was making a speech, Octavius kept interrupting, complaining that he could not hear. At last Cicero lost patience. 'That is strange,' he exclaimed, 'for surely you have holes in your ears!'—meaning that his ears were bored like those of all African barbarians and slaves. No doubt these things went off with a snap as they were spoken, but they do not sound very brilliant when interpreted. It seems about as hard for me to pick out good specimens as it is for all of you to decide what pleases you most in my museum."

"Not for me, uncle," objected young Dicky. "I did n't find it hard."

"Ah, you rogue; you are bound to say a good word for your benevolent uncle, who gives you fish-dinners and apple-dumplings."

"Don't say that, dear uncle," the eldest nephew protested. "Truly, we are glad to get the nice things, but you know how much more we care for our uncle *per se*."

"There it goes again," said Uncle Claxton; "the third time within a week! And he is not satisfied with putting his own language to tor-

ture, but must abuse the fine old Latin as well. You ought to know, my lad, that puns on people's names are considered the least excusable of any."

"Why, uncle, you made one yourself, the other day, on Mark Twain's name."

"That is true, more shame to me. And so you think you are safe in making a pun on mine? Well, we shall have to fall back on Cicero once more. Cicero's own name, I may tell you, grew out of a play upon a word. It was fastened upon one of his ancestors because he was marked by a dent in the nose resembling the nick in a tool called a *cicer*. His famous descendant was urged, when he became powerful, to take a less vulgar name; but he replied that, vulgar though it might be, he would try to make it as renowned as any in Roman history. I think that answer was worth a hundred cheap jokes; and if I were you, Percy, I would take Cicero as a model for better things than punning."

"I won't do it again while I am here, uncle, if I can help it. I suppose even Cicero sometimes made jokes without stopping to think."

"I believe you are right, Percy. When he took time for reflection, he saw how many enemies he had needlessly made. He was really the soul of kindness and generosity, but he could not control his quick tongue, and if anything touched his sense of the ridiculous, he did not know how to keep it to himself. There was less malice in his mischief than people thought. He would make as much fun of members of his own family as if they were strangers. His daughter, whom he loved with all his heart, was married to a man named Dolabella—rather a worthless creature, who happened to be very short of stature and insignificant in appearance. One day, when Dolabella came to Cicero's house in full soldier's dress, his father-in-law made him excessively unhappy by inquiring who it was that had tied him so nicely to a sword! In private or in public, it was always the same 'with Cicero. The younger Cato did not hesitate to rebuke him, in the senate, for his levity, though Cato himself, like all his family, had a knack of smartness, and was rather proud of the inherited gift. They were all in the stiff



THE CYCLOPS ENTERING THE CAVE IN WHICH HE HAS IMPRISONED ULYSSES AND HIS COMPANIONS.

and labored Greek style, such as was taught in ancient Sparta. Yes, Percy; I am bound to tell you that the Spartan boys were drilled to repartee as a branch of their education, and had to pass examinations in ready wit. The practice was more or less followed all over the country, and the Grecian records are filled with specimens of keen, pithy word-play, often very effective, but generally too formal and stilted to touch our merry senses. Humor is a natural gift, and I doubt if any amount of training could produce it. Certainly you will not find much of it in the school of Lycurgus."

"Cicero will do for me, uncle," said Percy; "and I will keep clear of the puns."

"Brave boy! And now we have something more substantial than verbal flights of fancy to discuss. Dinner is ready. After it is over, you can return and settle the question of what object you like best in my collections."

CHAPTER VI.

STATUES WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

UNCLE CLAXTON's last suggestion lingered in Percy Carey's mind, and during dinner he brought the subject forward again.

"We have all confessed, uncle," he said, "that we could not decide what we thought the most of in your museum. Why can't you give us a hint, and tell us, really and truly, what is your own first choice?"

"Really and truly I have n't the slightest idea," his uncle replied.

"I don't wonder," said Amy. "When you asked me, I thought I should need a month to make up my mind."

"That is not so certain, either, Amy. If you were called upon in a great hurry, you might be all the more ready. Alexander the Great showed his friends that he could come

to a decision quickly enough, and Praxiteles was even more sudden in speaking his mind. Would you like to hear about them?"

" You know we would like to hear anything you will tell us," Amy answered.

" Very good. I 'll tell you first, then, about Alexander the Great. After that irresistible

warrior had conquered Persia, he discovered

among certain

treasures of

Darius, the de-

feated king, the

most magnifi-

cant casket he

had ever seen

—a marvelous

piece of work-

manship, made

of gold and

covered with

precious gems.

Darius had

filled it with

his ointments,

but Alexander

said he had no

time to think

of pomatum

and perfumes,

and would put

it to a better

use. He asked

his followers

what was most

worthy to be

kept in such a

box, but with-

out paying at-

tention to their

opinions, de-

clared that his

copy of Homer's

'Iliad'

was the only

suitable object.

This manuscript had been revised expressly for him by Aristotle and other learned men. He used to sleep with it under his pillow, until he found this fitter resting-place for it. That was a fine tribute to literature from a soldier."

" The 'Iliad' is a soldier's book, is it not?" said Amy.

" It is full of fighting," her uncle answered, " and Alexander himself called it a 'portable treasury of military knowledge.' "

" Do you agree with him about the 'Iliad,' uncle?" inquired Amy.

" Ah! many books have been written, and



"SHE RAN INTO THE HOUSE, TELLING PRAXITELES THAT A FIRE WAS RAGING NEAR BY."

many authors have lived, since that time. We don't know what Alexander might say if he were alive to-day."

" But," persisted Amy, " if you had a casket like his, what would you put in it? Or, if you

had to give up every author but one, which would you keep?"

"Why, there is another very old question. You can't imagine how often it has been asked, and what various answers have been given. Many learned men are of the same mind as Theodorus Gaza, a classical scholar of the Middle Ages, who wrote that if the world's stock of literature were to be destroyed, excepting only the works of one man, those of Plutarch, the Greek biographer, had the best claim to be preserved. Theodorus probably spoke with a view to the instruction of mankind. An eminent Englishman of our day, thinking of what would afford the greatest amount of wholesome entertainment, fixed upon the productions of Walter Scott. For my part, Amy dear, I don't feel equal to such problems. You had better hear how Praxiteles was forced, against his will, and by an ingenious trick, to point out his favorite work of art at the shortest possible notice. Do any of you know who Praxiteles was?"

"I know a little about him," answered Amy, with some hesitation. "I read it in Hawthorne's story 'The Marble Faun.'"

"That 's Amy's way of learning things," laughed Harry.

"And what is your way, my boy?" demanded Uncle Claxton. "No matter how she learned it, Amy knows a little, as she says, while you are wholly in the dark. As to Praxiteles, he was a celebrated sculptor of ancient Greece, and his works were all considered so fine that no one could positively say which was the most beautiful. Many times he was urged to give his own judgment, but he always refused. His friends tried to make him avow his preference; but he seemed to feel as if his statues were living beings, and that if he acknowledged a particular liking for one, it would be acting unkindly toward the others. So he was constantly on his guard, and concealed his opinion completely, until a certain rich woman of Athens set her bright wits to work against him. She ran into his house, one day, pretending to be in a great fright, and told him that a fire was raging near by, which threatened to destroy the rooms in which he kept his most cherished possessions. Prax-

iteles flew at once to the studio, calling his servants to help him save a statue of Cupid, and paying no heed to his other treasures. That was enough for the ingenious plotter. She confessed the trick, and Praxiteles was obliged to admit that she had discovered the truth. The Cupid was indeed his masterpiece."

"Was he very angry?" asked Amy.

"Apparently not at all. He even offered the statue as a free gift to the author of the ruse, in reward of her cleverness, and so made her the most envied woman in Athens. To possess one of that great artist's works was an honor kings and emperors contended for. When the city of Cnidus, in Asia Minor, was burdened with a tremendous debt, the King of Bithynia offered to pay the whole amount if the citizens would let him take away a statue of Venus by Praxiteles; but they would not listen to the proposal. The Cupid was especially coveted by powerful rulers. In later years it was owned by Roman emperors, and was always looked upon as worth more than its weight in gold, though Parian marble is a heavy substance."

"Who has it now, uncle?" asked Percy.

"It disappeared centuries ago. The owner gave it to the city of Thespia, of which she was a native, and it remained there until bought by Caius Cæsar, and carried to Rome, where the Emperor Claudius afterward obtained it. The Thespians mourned the loss of their beautiful statue so grievously that Claudius, who was anything but soft-hearted as a rule, restored it to them; but his successor, Nero, was not so generous, and by his order it was brought back to the imperial palace. We have no record of it since that time. Perhaps it is now lying hidden beneath the ruins of Rome."

"A good find for somebody," said Harry. "Do you suppose it will ever turn up?"

"It is very possible," his uncle replied. "Several of the finest ancient sculptures have been discovered by pure accident, in comparatively recent times. The famous Apollo Belvedere, now in the Vatican, was brought to light only about four hundred years ago, at Antium, where many art treasures of the Roman rulers were once stored. The group

of the Laocoön was dug from the ruins of the baths of the Emperor Titus, and the stately Venus of Milo, or Melos, lay hidden and forgotten for centuries, in an island of the Mediterranean, before it was found by a lucky chance. Undoubtedly there are plenty more of equal value under Italian and Grecian ground, if people only knew where to look."

"And did these works really bring their weight in gold?" asked Harry again.

"Some of their kind certainly did. The Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre, in Paris, is a colossal marble image; yet I do not believe that France would part with it for twice its weight in gold. Such possessions are too precious to be sold."

"Then," said Percy, "we cannot expect to see any of them in America."

"It is not likely," Uncle Claxton replied. "Their owners would not willingly give them up, and I hope we shall never have occasion to demand them as spoils of war. Napoleon did that on a very extensive scale, and filled the galleries of Paris with statues and paintings plundered from the countries which he conquered. Most of Napoleon's artistic captures remain in Paris, where you will all enjoy them some day."

"Those Grecians would have been very proud, I should think," said Amy, "if they could have known what honors were to be paid them after two thousand years."

"They were pretty well satisfied with themselves as it was, my dear. A more vain-glorious set of men than the Athenian 'old masters' never existed. They gave themselves the airs of sovereigns, not to say demigods. Among the haughtiest of them was Phidias, who was thought by many to be the greatest of all sculptors. He lived a century before Praxiteles, and was selected by Pericles, the ruler of Athens, to adorn the Parthenon—that

beautiful temple which is still partly standing, though its artistic decorations have been lost or carried to other countries. Some of the friezes carved by Phidias are now in the British Museum. The glory of the Parthenon was his gigantic image of the goddess Minerva, nearly forty feet high, and made of ivory overlaid with gold. He gave so much offense by his arrogance that his enemies were always watching for a chance to do him harm. At one time they accused him of stealing some of the gold from the statue; but the gold plates were taken off and weighed, and his innocence thus proved. Then it was discovered that two of the figures he had placed upon Minerva's shield were likenesses of himself and Pericles; and a cry of impiety was raised against him, in consequence of which he was banished from the city. He took his revenge in a curious way. The Minerva had been universally considered his noblest work; but now he proclaimed that he would surpass it for the benefit of the people of Elis, another Grecian town, in which he had sought refuge. The Athenians declared that this was impossible; but a little while later, when he set up his colossal Jupiter, they were compelled to acknowledge that their goddess was eclipsed.

The citizens of Elis adopted Phidias with acclamations, and decreed perpetual honors to his family. His loss was deeply lamented by Pericles, whose ambition it was that Athens should lead the world in cultivation and refinement, and who delighted to surround himself with eminent scholars and artists of all kinds—musicians and painters, as well as sculptors."

"Then the Grecian painters were also great," said Amy.

"We are bound to believe that they were. I will tell you something about them, if you like; but it can be only a little, for reasons that will be evident before I have gone far."

(To be continued.)





N the cozy depths
of an arm-chair thrown,
On New Year's eve, I mused
alone.

"Welladay!" thought I,
"and deary me!
This world is a fairly
good world, I own."

But how much better indeed 't would be
If, putting aside his natural pride,
Each living thing in the world so wide
Would honestly try his simple best
To be obliging to all the rest!
With a little more kindness and sweet civility,
Courtesy, patience, and amiability—
Ah, welladay, and deary me,
What a highly agreeable world 't would be!"

Then softly faded the firelight's gleam,
And I fell asleep,—or so it would seem,—
And dreamed this very remarkable dream:

I stood, methought, in the same old world,
With the same old ocean round it curled;

But a singular state of things I found,
As I rubbed my eyes and looked around.
Each man and woman, each chick and child,
Wherever I met them, bowed and smiled,
And answered my questions before they were
asked,

And with my errands their memories tasked;
And each, I saw, with an equal zest,
Was doing the same for all the rest!
Such consideration and thoughtful zeal,
Such delicate tact!—I could but feel,
From the President, bland on his lofty seat,
To the dear little cricket that chirped at my
feet,
There was not a thing in that land so fair
But lived to oblige.

With the tenderest care,
The ragman muffled his bells, for fear
They might awaken some sleeper near.
And the newsboys called the "Times" and
"Post"

In tones like a cooing dove's—almost.
The plumber offered the pipes to mend,
"Just as a favor, to please a friend."
The lawyer begged that his little bill,
Unpaid, as it happened, be unpaid still.

And the worthy parson, considerate man,
Finished his sermon before he began.

The cook made tarts each day in the year,
And nobody thought it the least bit queer.
The kind policemen in all the parks
Just stayed to see that the boys—such
larks! —

Kept *on* the grass; and the teachers bright
Gave only—as children know is right—
The shortest lessons and highest marks.
The printers sent out, in the kindest way,
A new St. NICHOLAS every day;
And the editors *always* took the rhymes
That the poets sent at all possible times.
To please the fisherman down by the brook,
The fish came swimming to catch the hook;
The oysters smilingly opened their shells;
The buckets sprang merrily up in the wells;
And the little dogs gathered the downy
brood,
And helped the chickens to scratch for food.

The currants and blackberries picked them-
selves,
And stood, all canned, on the pantry shelves.
The sun sat willingly up all night
To cheer the earth, when it needed light.
The babies their natural cries suppressed,
For fear of breaking their parents' rest;
And the dear little, kind little, sweet little
boys
Refrained from making the slightest noise,

But quietly played with their harmless toys,
And washed their hands without being
told,

To please their mothers, as good as gold.

The breeze came blowing in gentle gales
Whenever 't was wanted to fill the sails;
The prisoners stayed in the unlocked jails;
And the mice sat up on the balcony rails,
To let the kittens play with their tails;
And the old cats stifled their nightly wails;
And the little fish danced to tickle the
whales;
And the brown hawk hurried to warn the
quails;
And the butterflies loitered to help the snails;
And the hammers were gentle and kind to
the nails;
And the mops took care not to scratch the
pails;
And Princeton's ball gracefully yielded to
Yale's;
And —

• Here the wonderful story fails;
For I breathless woke. It was New Year's
day.
The world wagged on in the same old
way.
"It was only a dream!" said I. "Dear me!
But—I'll be obliging as I can be,
And the world may be better for *that*—
we'll see!"



The Story of Betty

BY CAROLYN WELLS

CHAPTER I.

"AN IMP OF WICKEDNESS."

It was seven o'clock on a shining spring morning, and Warren Street was receiving its daily bath. All up and down its elm-shaded length, men and women and girls and boys were splashing and dashing and scrubbing and rubbing; and even the sun seemed willing to help, for he peered through the branches and winked and blinked as if to say, "You wash the steps and the pavements, and I'll dry them."

In front of No. 27 stood a personage whom the owner of the house No. 27 variously characterized as a "Looby," a "Good-for-nothing," a "Hobbledehoy," and an "Imp of Wickedness." She is the heroine of this story. Betty McGuire was a lanky girl in her fourteenth year. Her thin face was sprinkled with freckles, and her little nose was neither Greek nor Roman; but her merry deep-blue eyes and her glossy black curls suggested the best type of Irish beauty. For Betty was of Irish descent, though American by birth and by several years of knocking about in American boarding-houses.

Not that Miss Betty boarded — oh, dear, no! She had been waitress, scullery-maid, and maid of all work; and once, for three blessed weeks, she had been a lady's-maid; and those weeks were the one bright chapter in her poor little

career. For Miss Christabel had been so beautiful, and so sweet and gentle; more than all, she had been *kind* to Betty, and that had been the child's only experience with that virtue.

But Miss Christabel was only as a dream now, and Betty's life in Mrs. Tucker's boarding-house was a hard and cold reality.

It was n't the work only,—she could have stood that,—but it was the injustice. It did seem that, no matter how hard she tried, she never could convince the irascible landlady of her good intentions. For Betty was a conscientious little girl, and truly tried to do right; only, the right bobbed about so she was never sure just where to find it. Indeed, from Mrs. Tucker's point of view, the right seemed to be always the thing Betty left undone. As she stood in front of No. 27, she presented a comical picture.

Dressed in a shirt-waist which had seen brighter days, and a short and skimpy old black skirt, she wore at her belt a huge bunch of daisies, and her battered and torn straw hat was loaded with the same inexpensive blossoms. Around her neck and tied under her chin in a great bow was a strip of Turkey-red calico, which Ellen the cook had given her.

Betty's love of bright colors amounted almost to a passion; and as, in consequence, Mrs. Tucker prescribed only dull and dark clothes, the child was obliged to choose with great

caution the times and seasons when she might fling her colors to the breeze, and this strip of Turkey red was among her most cherished possessions. It had been originally intended to enliven Ellen's collection of carpet-rags; but Betty had shown such an overwhelming desire for its possession, that the good-natured cook had presented it to her; and ever since it had been a necktie, a sash, or a hat-band, as occasion required, but was always so adjusted that it could be instantly whisked off when the voice of Mrs. Tucker was heard in the land.

So this morning it was a necktie, and imparted an air of great dignity to its wearer, while she grasped firmly in her bony hands the nozzle of a garden hose, which rested its slimy, snaky black length across the pavement.

A spray of water sparkled through the air, and bit the dust in the middle of the road.

Then Pete, the ashman, came along, and with a grin surveyed the red-bowed maiden.

"Hi, Betty, what yer doin'?"

"I should think you could see. I'm playin' the pianny in me boodore."

"Funny, ain't yer? Where's Mike?"

"Sick. Have you got anything for me?"

"No, Betty; the ash-barrel business ain't what it was. I don't pick up no satin sashes, nor yet no spangled overskirts — in fact, nothin' as ladies like yerself would care for."

"All right, Pete; but keep a good watch out, all the same. I'd like a new feather most exceedin', me red one havin' been croolly put in the fire by me friend Mrs. Tucker."

"Now, that's a real shame, Betty, and I'll thyer fer to hunt ye another, sure I will."

Pete departed, whistling, and Betty moved along and began on a fresh section of dust. Her next interlocutor was Jack, the lame newsboy, who hailed her from across the street:

"Hello, Imp! what are you up to now? Out for dust?"

"Oh, only amusin' meself. Come on over."

"'Fraid you'll shrink my new clo'es for me."

"No, I won't, honor bright! Come on."

"Gutter seats all engaged?"

"No; take one. Now see me hit the bird on that hydrant."

"Smarty! Let me try it. There! he's gone. Let's try it on a dog; here's 'Bumps.'"

"No; you sha'n't tease Bumps. Give me the hose; I must get the dust laid before Mrs. Tucker comes, or she'll blow me sky-high."

"Yes; I'll give it to you in a minute; but here comes Van Court's trap, with all the swell dudes in it. Must be a picnic as brings 'em out so early. I'm going to see how near I can come to 'em and miss 'em."

"Oh, Jack, don't! It'll spoil the young ladies' dresses if a drop of water touches 'em. Give me that hose!" And Betty snatched at it; but, with the proverbial viciousness of inanimate things, the hose gave a squirm, and a great stream of water was divided impartially among the surprised occupants of the carriage. The young man who was driving reined up his horses with a jerk, threw the lines to his companion, and sprang to the ground, confronting the two terrified children. He glared at them both, and then deciding that the inoffensive-looking cripple could not be the culprit, he turned to the more daring-looking Betty.

"What did you do that for, you minx? How dare you play your disgraceful pranks on a party of ladies and gentlemen? Who are you?"

"Please, sir," broke in Lame Jack, "the Imp did n't do it; it was my fault."

"The 'Imp'! A fine name, truly! Don't attempt to shield her, boy; her guilt speaks for itself in her face."

For, naturally, poor Betty was blushing scarlet, and although she tried to speak, the irate gentleman gave her no chance.

"Be off, lad, and sell your papers. I'll attend to this. Now, Imp, where do you belong?"

"Go on, Jack, do," implored Betty; for the lame boy's face showed an eagerness to do battle for his friend, and she feared that if the gentleman's wrath should be transferred to Jack it would go hard with him. So, feeling more than ever his uselessness, Jack hobbled away.

Then Betty turned to her accuser.

"It was an accident, sir; I was trying *not* to hit the carriage, but the hose twisted about so, I could n't handle it."

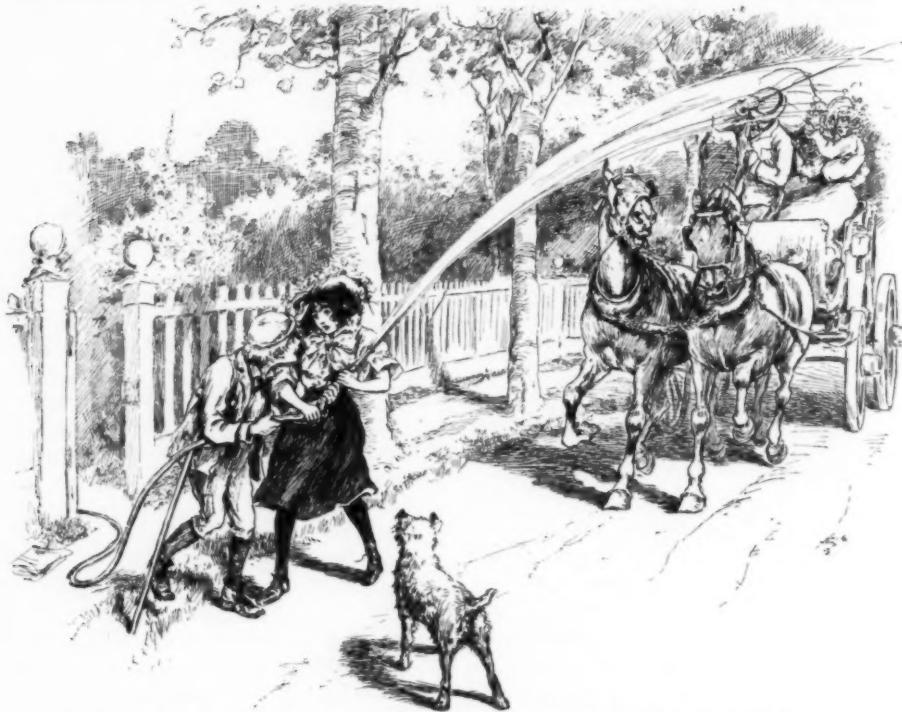
Betty's earnest face might have convinced even a more skeptical judge; but the daisies nodding above it, and the audacious red bow below it, gave the child an air of frivolity that argued ill for her cause.

"A likely story! Popinjay! Where do you live? Who is your father?"

"Oh, sir, I have n't any father, or mother, neither. I 'm Mrs. Tucker's kitchen girl; and please, *please* don't tell *her* about it. She could n't help you any, and she 'd most kill me."

Itions told her that these people had heard of the justly famed excellence of her house and table, and were seeking accommodations.

So it was with a beaming smile of hope that she invited them in—a smile, however, which turned to a stare of amazement as she saw the



"THE HOSE GAVE A SQUIRM, AND A GREAT STREAM OF WATER WAS DIVIDED IMPARTIALLY AMONG THE SURPRISED OCCUPANTS OF THE CARRIAGE."

This was philosophy; but the enraged Mr. Van Court was n't asking for philosophy. He strode up the steps and rang Mrs. Tucker's door-bell with decision and energy.

Meantime the two besprinkled ladies had climbed down from the trap and presented themselves also at the door; and when Mrs. Tucker came, she beheld three of "the quality" apparently very anxious to enter her house.

Now, Mrs. Tucker was cut out for a successful boarding-house keeper by every implication of her being. Her features, her person, and her dress all gave the impression of economy and even of a scant table. And, although an early hour for such an errand, her businesslike intu-

ladies' wet dresses, and changed again to a thunder-cloud frown as the terrified Betty was pushed into prominence by Mr. Van Court.

"I ask, madam," he said, "why this over-dressed factotum of yours should be allowed to drench innocent passers-by?"

His satire had expended itself, and he stood glaring at Betty, too angry for further words.

Miss Van Court took up the thread of the complaint, saying in a drawling voice, "My new barege is spoiled." In truth it was, and her bonnet also. The other lady interrupted her, saying concisely: "What we want is to come in and dry our clothing by your fire, if we may. Richard, you will lose your train if you tarry

longer. Go to the station, and Thomas may call for us on his return. You see, madam, we were taking my brother to the cars, when we were suddenly deluged by a stream of water from the garden hose. We cannot go farther in this state, so we ask assistance—though I fear my parasol is beyond all help."

She looked regretfully at the soaking mass of white chiffon and silk, and the utter ruin of the lovely sunshade went straight to Betty's beauty-loving heart.

"Oh, miss," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "the purty parrysol!" And her big blue eyes filled with tears at the bedraggled wreck.

Mrs. Tucker urged the ladies to come in, at the same time snatching at Betty's arm with such a vicious jerk that Mr. Van Court felt he had secured for the "Popinjay" a punishment to fit her crime, as he hurried away to his train.

"You imp of wickedness, what have you been doing now?" murmured Mrs. Tucker, in a tone no less menacing because of its low pitch; "and what do you mean by wearing this disgusting trumpery? You are a disgrace to my house!"

She twitched off poor Betty's red necktie, which the child had forgotten, and, pushing her, added:

"Go at once to the cellar and split wood. Stay there until I call you, and mind you are not idle a moment!"

Then Mrs. Tucker turned to the ladies a countenance meant to show respectful regret and sympathy.

"I am so sorry that you should have suffered through the vile pranks of that imp of wickedness," she said, as she lighted a wood-fire which was laid ready in the drawing-room; "she makes my life a torment."

"Ah, well," said the younger Miss Van Court, who had been impressed by Betty's tearful eyes, "perhaps it was an accident; don't be too hard on her."

Mrs. Tucker took the cue. "Yes, ma'am; as you say, an accident; but what a pity, ma'am! Pray let me help dry your feathers."

The blazing fire did quick and efficacious work, and when the trap returned, the damaged clothing was almost entirely restored, only the parasol being permanently injured.

With renewed apologies and regrets, Mrs. Tucker bowed her guests out, and then went downstairs in search of the luckless Imp.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE CELLAR.

In obedience to Mrs. Tucker's order, Betty started for the cellar, and as she went down the stairs she felt that her cup of woe was full indeed. To be brought in from her beloved fresh air and sunshine, and set to work in the dark, damp cellar was bad enough, but far worse was the loss of her beautiful Turkey-red calico. And, too, Betty had had no breakfast that morning, and hunger does not add to the bravery of a little girl fourteen years old.

As she passed the kitchen door a goodly smell came out invitingly; but she dared not stop there, for Mrs. Tucker would expect the pile of split sticks to measure fairly with the time which might elapse before her appearance.

So Betty went on down-cellar, picked up the ax, and attacked a log of wood. She knew that Mrs. Tucker, in the parlor above, could hear her strokes, and that consequently they must occur in rapid succession.

"It 's starvin' I am!" she said to herself. "Neither bite nor sup this blessed mornin', an' likely nothin' till noon—an' me a-tryin' most especial this week to be good. But the more I tries, the more things happens from outside to pervent. I s'pose it 's just my luck. Some folks is born to bad luck, and what luck comes we has to take. But I wish I had a home. Seems to me I would n't mind havin' bad luck if I had a pretty home to have it in. Hallo, Jack! — come on down."

The crippled newsboy had appeared at the cellar window, and, in response to Betty's invitation, Jack swung himself and his crutch inside, with an agility that would have done credit to a boy who had full use of his legs.

"What 's up, Betty? Where 's the old lady?"

"In the parlor, passin' the time of day wid the Miss Van Courts. Say, Jack, did you ever have a home?"

"A home? Naw — nothin' but the hospital, and I runned away from that."

"Don't you wish you did have a home?"

"Yep; but I'd ruther have money. If yer have money, yer can buy a home."

"Oh, I *never* had any money. I've just worked for clo'es and board. Of course, while you're wishin', you might as well wish for money. But I'd rather have schoolin'. I'd just *love* to go to school, an' learn 'I am, thou art, he is.' That's what Ethel Green learns; and she learns beautiful map-questions and figgers, too."

"Stop yer choppin' a minute, Betty; I can't hear what yer say."

"I *can't* stop. She's up above, listenin'."

"What a nipper she is! Will yer ketch it fer the hosin' performance, Bet?"

"S'pose so."

"It's a shame, 'cos that was my fault. Say, Betty, I'm awful sorry I got yer in trouble."

"Oh, it does n't make any difference. If she was n't ragin' about this, it'd be somethin' else. She's gen'rally mad at somethin'. Oh, jiminy, Jack, she's comin'! You won't have time to get out. Hide behind the ice-box."

Jack scrambled behind the big refrigerator, the noise of his clattering crutch drowned by the vigorous blows of Betty's ax.

"You good-for-nothing looby!" began the landlady. "You have brought disgrace and reproach upon my house; you have spoiled the ladies' fine gowns, and you deserve to be turned into the street. After all I've done for you, you have no sense of gratitude! After all I've taught you, you have no sense of decorum, but stand out in front of my house, tricked out like an organ-grinder's monkey, and insult passers-by. Lay down that ax and look at me! What can you say for yourself?"

Betty dropped the ax and looked at Mrs. Tucker. Impressed by the lady's extreme rage, the thought struck her that she had nothing to lose and everything to gain, and she resolved on a bold stroke.

"I'm sorry," she said,—"awful sorry; but truly, ma'am, it was an accident. But please, ma'am, if you'll give me back me red necktie, I'll not wear it out o' doors again."

"Give it back to you!" fairly screamed Mrs. Tucker. "I'll throw it in the fire; indeed you *won't* wear it out of doors again.

Now, as part of your punishment, you may stay down here and split wood all the morning."

"But, Mrs. Tucker, I ain't had breakfast."

"And you don't deserve any. But there's some cold tea in the pantry; you may have that and a slice of bread. You'd better not dawdle over it, for all those sticks must be split and neatly piled up by the time Ellen calls you to pare the vegetables."

"Yes, ma'am," said Betty, meekly; and Mrs. Tucker walked away, feeling doubtful whether she had punished her prisoner enough, and resolving that the careless girl should pay for her fault in some other way.

Betty chopped away sullenly, and Jack came out of his hiding-place and offered sympathy.

"She's a mean old thing; but ain't you goin' to eat nothin', Betty?"

"No; I don't want her food. I hate her!"

"Say, Betty,"—and Jack's kind voice was very comforting,—"I've got a nickel, and if yer say so, I'll skip down to Gruber's and buy you a hot muffin and a sausage, 'cos it was truly my fault that yer got trapped. Will yer eat 'em, hey?"

"Yes, indeedy! You're awful good, Jack."

The lame boy hobbled off on his errand, and Betty whacked away at her task until he returned. Then she dropped her ax, and sat down to enjoy the hot muffin and sausage.

"My, but it's good, Jack! But are n't you hungry yourself?"

"N-no—not to say *hungry*. I had some breakfast. But that's tiptop, ain't it?"

"It's prime; but I won't eat any more unless you take some, too. Here"; and Betty broke off a generous bit and gave it to him, and the two children sat nibbling away together.

"Let's pretend, Jack," said Betty; "that I'll make it last longer, and be more fun, besides. Let's pretend we're quality, and you've come to dine with me. I'm a grand lady with heaps of book-learnin', and a red silk dress trimmed with blue bugles, and I live in a home. You're a hero who was lamed in the battle of Waterloo—"

"But I *couldn't* be, Betty. That battle was years ago."

"Oh, was it? Well, never mind; any old battle will do. Now pretend. Good even-

in', Mr. Riley; it's pleased to see you I am — thou art — he is."

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, that's grammar, Jack. The quality always talks grammar. It's all the grammar I know. But I know one bit of history. I heard Ethel Green studying it out of a book. She said it over and over, and I learned it while I was dusting her room."

"What is it?"

"Well, if you'll pretend with me, I'll say it. The quality brings in history as they talks."

"All right. Good evenin', Miss McGuire. You're lookin' gorgeous to-night."

"Yes; me new gown is a becomin' color, though I say it as should n't. Will you have some of this strawberry ice-cream? It's the best I've ate since the crescent waved over the church of St. Sophia and the Byzantine Empire fell forever."

"Whew! Is that your history, Bet?"

"Yes; but don't notice it. Just talk away. You're no good at all at pretendin'. Why, I can pretend this cellar is a beautiful parlor, or a flower-garden, or a school-room. I like the school-room best, and I pretend there's a kind, gentle teacher-lady, and lots of books and slates and things; and I learn away like fury; and when I say me lessons, the teacher says, 'That's excellent, my child.' I heard Ethel Green's teacher say that to her once. Now I must go back to me choppin', or I won't have sufficient of sticks to gratify me friend Mrs. Tucker. Clear out, Jack; I can't work if you're here to talk to"; and as the boy hobbled away, she added: "I'm awful thankful to you for the muffin. I'll pay back your kindness when I come into me fortune."

Betty's fortune was a standing joke among her small circle of acquaintances. It was purely traditional, and no one but Betty had any faith in the authenticity of the tale.

The facts of Betty's early history were these: A young Irishman had come over to this country as an agent for a firm of Belfast linen-dealers. He had wooed and won a fair Boston girl contrary to the counsels of her parents, who had objected to Martin McGuire with no very good reason. But the young couple ran away and were married. For several years

the parents continued implacable; then they relented, and wrote for Mr. and Mrs. McGuire and their baby daughter to come home and be forgiven. With great joy the party started; but during their journey a serious railroad accident occurred, and the train in which they were traveling was thrown from the track. The wounded passengers were taken to various hospitals, and it so chanced that Mrs. McGuire was separated from her husband and child, and afterward received the report that they had both perished.

Though the report was true of Martin McGuire, it had been a mistake about the child, for the baby Betty had been found very much alive, and had been taken to an orphan asylum.

In his dying moments Martin McGuire managed to write a few words on a paper, which he pinned to his child's frock. The paper read: "Elizabeth McGuire. Possible heiress to a large fortune." He did this because he hoped it would attract attention to his orphaned baby, and insure kind treatment for her; and as to the fortune, he had always lived in expectation of an inheritance from his father, who had long ago gone to Australia in search of gold. No news had ever been received from him since he started away with pick and pack, but if he had amassed wealth, Martin McGuire was his only heir and must inherit it.

Even this paper, however, failed to disclose Betty's whereabouts to her sorrowing mother, for no attention was paid to the scrawled message, and the paper was soon lost. But it had served to fix the child's name, and the episode remained in the memory of the matron of the asylum, and was told to Betty in after years.

As she grew old enough, she was made to work, and the hardest and most menial labors fell to her share.

When she was ten years old she was put out to service, and had drifted from one employer to another ever since. Although she inherited her father's indomitable pluck and energy, his good nature and sense of humor, yet the girl was very like her mother in innate refinement of character, her winning ways, and her sensitiveness; and so the poor little starved heart and brain suffered even more than her ill-

clothed and ill-fed little body. In spite of her enforced association with ignorant people she felt a desire and a capacity for education, and although she naturally adopted something of

But all her other trials and deprivations were as nothing to her longing for a home; or, rather, all the other sorrows were summed up in that. She wanted to feel that she belonged

somewhere, that she would be welcomed somewhere; and her feelings of envy were roused only on seeing some manifestation of home happiness.

Betty had ambitions, and a dogged determination to achieve them, sooner or later; and she thought that, if she could ever get a place where, besides giving her board and clothes, they would pay even a small amount of money, she would save it all toward this future home of hers, which at present seemed as remote as the distant sun.

But the days went by, with no change for the better; in fact, Betty's hard life



"IT'S THE BEST I'VE ATE SINCE THE CRESCENT WAVED OVER THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA."

the careless language and rough-and-ready ways of her associates, yet the finer instincts were latent and ready to recognize and respond to true culture and gentleness wherever she might meet them.

Betty loved beautiful things, and, not possessing any, she tried to make up for the lack of substantial luxuries by furnishing her poor little air-castles with a lavishness which was limited only by her own ignorance.

was made harder as the summer days grew warm and Mrs. Tucker became correspondingly more irritable and thoughtless.

And so it happened that one beautiful, bright morning when Mrs. Tucker felt sure that Betty wanted to be out of doors, she sent her to the dining-room to kill flies.

Greenborough people, though living near the city of New York, were primitive and conservative; so in Mrs. Tucker's dining-room a

pink mosquito-netting was spread over the always-laid table between meals. It chanced to be a new one, and of a very bright pink, and it suggested many possibilities to Betty's admiring eye.

She took it from the table, and tried it in various capacities—as a train, a shawl, a sash, and finally as a bridal veil.

This proved so satisfactory that she attacked the marauding flies with the pink gauze still fastened to the top of her head and floating behind her as she danced around.

So when Mrs. Tucker glanced in to see if the fly massacre was proceeding with sufficient rapidity, the waving pink cloud that met her eye failed to inspire her with mirth or admiration.

"You imp of wickedness!" she began; and then the situation seemed really beyond her range of epithets, and she paused and looked at Betty until the child shivered with dread.

She had done wrong, she knew; there was no excuse for her; but the temptation to see how the beautiful pink fabric would become her had proved too strong to resist.

"I'm sorry," she began; but she shook in her shoes as Mrs. Tucker interrupted her and cried:

"Leave my house to-day! I've been tormented with you for two years, and I'll harbor such a minx no longer! Out you go this very day, you good-for-nothing, and seek some place where they will let you destroy their house-furnishings to gratify your jackanapes foolishness. Go at once, I tell you; I'm done with you"; and Mrs. Tucker pushed the frightened and weeping child out into the hall.

Betty went on blindly through the hall and kitchen, and out on the little back porch, where she sat down and gave way to violent crying. Not that she loved Mrs. Tucker; not that she was sorry for her naughtiness; but the house from which she had been turned was the

nearest approach to a home that she knew of, and where to go was a question with absolutely no answer.

Now, Mrs. Tucker had not really meant for Betty to go away—she was too useful a servant to lose; but the landlady thought that a lesson of this kind would do no harm, and might frighten Betty into more discreet behavior.

So Betty was left alone with her grief, and continued to sit sobbing on the back steps. Even Bumps, who poked his frowzy little head up within her arm, and blinked his sympathetic eyes at her, failed to show her a way out of her difficulties.

After a while a hobbling step was heard coming round the corner of the house, and



BETTY HEARS NEWS.

Betty raised her head to see Lame Jack with an excited look on his face. He came up at a rapid pace, and did not wait for her to speak.

"Betty—I say, Bet, stop cryin' while I tell yer somethin'!"

"Don't want to hear it," she mumbled.

"Yes, you do. You'll want to hear this. The postman brought a letter for you."

"What?"

"He did, true as true. I was goin' by, and he asked me, did Betty McGuire live here, and I said yes, and he give all the letters to Ellen at the door. I asked him afterward if there was one for you, and he said there was."

Betty had stopped crying now, and her

troubles were all crowded out of her mind by this new wonder.

"Jack! what can it be about? Where is the letter?"

"Dunno; s'pose old Tuck's got it by this time. Like as not you'll never see it," replied the crippled boy.

"But I must, Jack; it's mine."

Just then Mrs. Tucker's step was heard in the kitchen, and Mrs. Tucker's voice—but such a different voice from the one she generally used—said, "Betty!"

(To be continued.)

A DOUGHTY SPIRIT.

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.



ENCING foils,
and balls,
and bats,
Golf-sticks,
tennis-rack-
ets! That's
A real "daisy"
roller-skate,

And there's a "chainless" '98.
A boy could fly on her—
gee-whee!

That is, 'most any boy but me.

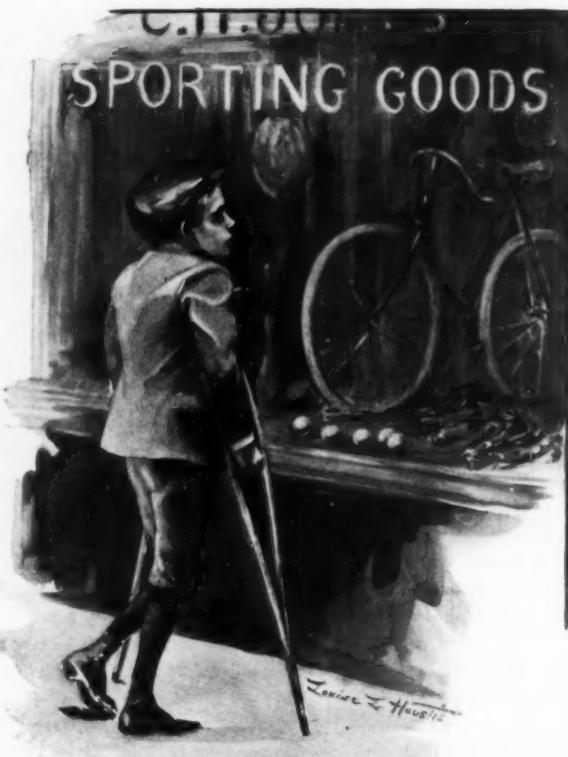
And "crops" and saddles—my!
what fun,

To sit your horse quite straight,
and run

The game to cover—if the
"game"

Was n't so often hunted lame!
But most boys don't mind that,
you see,

Because most boys are n't just
like me.



THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

BY GEORGE A. HENTY.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER V.

GUY and the negro were half suffocated before they reached the window and drew in long breaths of air at the loopholes of the shutter. No sound was to be heard in the nearer apartments, but from below half a dozen men's voices still joined in the hymn.

The shutter was opened sufficiently for one to pass out at a time, and the rope, one end of which was securely fastened to a piece of heavy furniture, was lowered.

"When you get to the bottom, lie down straight, Massa Guy. I stop and pull de shutter to behind me when I come out. Slide down quietly; no jump down on de ground."

The sky was so lighted up by the blaze in the front of the house that Guy felt sure that any on the watch could not fail to see them, forgetting that to others standing behind, the house would loom up black against the glow of the fire on sky, cottages, and trees. He slid down rapidly, and, the instant his feet touched the ground, threw himself flat, and lay, pistol in hand, expecting every moment to see the form of a savage bending over him. Shanti joined him almost instantly.

"Now, marse, which way you t'ink ob going?" he asked in a whisper.

"I have not the least idea, Shanti. You lead the way."

"We must wriggle along like snakes, sah. Turn your belt so de sword come on your back; if it strike against stone, all up wid us, sure 'nough. Must go bery slow, marse; plenty ob time. When we once t'roo dem, we run; if you hear noise, you no stir; if we come across skulking redskin, me quiet him!"

Drawing his long knife and placing it between his teeth, the negro started, moving with

an absolute noiselessness that Guy found it hard to imitate. They were now in the garden in which the vegetables for the household use were grown. The negro bore away obliquely toward the right until he reached the spot where some rows of maize had already gained the height of eighteen inches. Guy wondered that he had not thought of these, which certainly afforded a shelter from sight, unless the boys came right upon some Indian posted there. They had gone some twenty yards when Guy's hands fell upon the negro's foot, and found that he had stopped. Feeling sure that there was some obstacle in the way, Guy also lay motionless, and, looking fixedly ahead, made out something dark a pace or two in front of the negro. Presently the latter pushed Guy's hand with his foot, as if to bid him remain where he was; then it was withdrawn.

Still watching, Guy made out the outline of an Indian with a head-dress of tall feathers. He was squatting as motionless as if carved in stone; his eyes were fixed on the back of the house, but Guy fancied that he was listening intently. Suddenly the figure became blurred, and there was a dull sound. Shanti had crept up to within a yard, and then, gathering his feet under him, had suddenly sprung upon the Indian. Grasping him by the throat with the left hand, Shanti buried his knife deep in the redskin's body. There was a moment's pause, and then Guy again saw the plumed head, and, to his delight, came Shanti's whisper:

"Come on, marse; dat bad Indian gib no more trouble."

Guy could not help shuddering as he crawled past the dead body of the Indian. Once or twice they stopped again, and through the blades of maize Guy saw a dark figure standing but a few paces away. When they came to the end of the row there was a ditch, a foot or so deep, for carrying off the water in

times of heavy rain; and Shanti turned into this. They could hear the sound of many voices round them, and knew that they were now close to the spot where a number of redskins were on the watch to intercept fugi-

mentary attack, had so occupied his thoughts that, beyond a deep feeling of pain and oppression, he had been able to give but slight thought to those he had left. Now all was over; his father and all those among whom he had been brought up were no more; and deep sobs of pain burst from him.

"Come on, Marse Guy," the negro said. "No time to weep for fadder now; plenty ob time afterward; now de time to get as far away as can; lose lives if stop here."

Thus urged, Guy moved forward again; and they presently came to a wall, at the side of which the drain ran. By this time the yells of alarm of the Indians near the house had changed to cries of triumph; the shouts were repeated by those who had lately fled, and they could be heard running toward the house. Looking back, Guy saw that the roof was gone, and a portion of the upper story; the light of the fire had greatly decreased, owing, no doubt, to timbers of the upper part having fallen upon it.

"Can get up and run now, marse. No fear of meeting redskin—all gone to look at house."

tives. Suddenly a great light flashed up, the ground shook, and there was a deep roar, followed by a heavy, rumbling sound, above which rose yells of astonishment and alarm from the Indians, who could be heard rushing away in all directions.

For a moment Guy lay motionless. The necessity for devoting every energy to the work of crawling noiselessly, and the expectation of mo-

Guy was glad indeed to rise to his feet, and to run along, though stooping so that his head should not show above the top of the wall. A quarter of an hour later they were far out in the plantation.

"Which way now, Massa Guy?"

"We will make for the canoe."

"Good job, dat," Shanti said approvingly.

"Water leab no trace Indian can find."



"SHANTI HAD CREEPT UP TO WITHIN A YARD OF THE INDIAN."

"There is no fear of their trying to track us, Shanti; they will suppose that every one has perished," Guy remarked.

"No, marse; dey not t'ink dat; when daylight come dey look about, and dey bery soon see dat rope hang from window."

"I never thought of that!" Guy exclaimed. "How unlucky! But I don't see how we could have got it down."

"Could n't get it down," the black said. "Too much smoke to untie knot, and if cut him, hab to jump, and dey hear de sound for sure. Bad job, marse, but could not help it. Directly dey find rope, dey look about, follow track, find dead redskin, den dey set out on hunt. Still, we get four or five hours' start, and dat a long time. We go up de stream or down, massa?"

"Up the stream," Guy replied. "It is certain that the whole of the plantations and small villages have been destroyed, even if Jamestown had successfully defended itself, which I fear will not be the case. At any rate, the whole country between this and the town will be occupied by the Indians, and I do not think that there will be a chance of getting through, though I might try if I were sure that Jamestown was safe."

It was not until long afterward that Guy heard that Jamestown and a few settlements near it had escaped destruction. The day before the attack, an Indian had warned a white who had rendered him a great service that the town and every settlement would be attacked that night, and the whites massacred, and implored him to go on board a ship and sail down the river at once. He went, however, straight to the governor, and gave information of the intentions of the natives. Although he had attached no credence to the message that Master Neville had sent him, the governor saw that this confirmation of it was serious indeed. The whole of the whites were at once called to arms, and messengers were sent off on horseback to two or three other small towns on the river. The consequence was that when the attack was made, it was repulsed with heavy loss, and the natives, discomfited at finding that their plans had been betrayed, made no attempt to renew the attack.

Everywhere else, however, they were completely successful. The whole of the outlying plantations and villages were destroyed, the whites in all cases being taken entirely by surprise, and being murdered before they could offer any resistance. Three hundred and forty-seven settlers lost their lives on that fatal night.

Half an hour's running brought the fugitives to the spot where the canoe was concealed among the bushes near the river-bank. The black, at Guy's request, took his place in the bow, as he was able to see far better in the darkness than his master. The river was some twenty yards wide, and the trees branched far over it on each side. Alone, Guy would have had to wait until daylight; but the negro kept the boat in the middle of the stream without difficulty, and the light canoe flew rapidly along under the powerful strokes of the paddles.

When daylight broke, the stream had narrowed and was but a few yards wide, the trees meeting overhead. They had now gone many miles beyond the highest point that they had reached in their hunting expeditions.

"Can't go much farther, Marse Guy."

"No; we have come pretty well to the end of the stream. We will land as soon as we get to a spot where we can go ashore without leaving marks. Look out for a little clump of dry ground or a fallen tree."

"Which side we land?"

"It does not matter. By the light in the sky, we must be heading nearly due south. I have been thinking while we rowed, Shanti, and it seems to me that our only plan is to make for a river that I have often heard the Indians speak of. They said that as far south as can be walked between sunrise and sunset—which means, I think, about forty miles—is another river, not so large as the James, but still a large river, which rises among the mountains to the west but a few miles distant from the point where the James runs through them. We cannot be very many miles from that river now. I should say that we had better keep southwest, because they said that the farther the river goes, the farther it is from the James; and they described the country where it runs into the sea as being wet and swampy."

"Ob course we take canoe, massa?"

"Yes; it is not a great weight to carry; but we shall have to be very careful that it does not get damaged going through the forest."

"Dat so, massa; Shanti could make another canoe, but not one like dat."

"Besides, we have no time to waste; we know how those redskins can follow the trail of the deer, and, from the stories I have heard them tell, I have no doubt that they can follow the trail of an enemy just as easily. As soon as they discover that we have gone, they will follow at full speed to the point where we launched the canoe; then some will, no doubt, go down the stream, and some will come up. There were certainly two or three hundred of them who attacked our house. Many will go off in other directions, but twenty or thirty may be sent in pursuit of us."

"Dey soon get tired, massa, when dey not find us."

"We must not count on that, Shanti. I have heard many stories of how they have tracked a foe for weeks, and finally overtaken and slain him. The Indians are hunters, and I believe that they prefer hunting man to any other creature; they will follow our trail until they lose it altogether, or until we arrive in the country of some tribe at enmity with them. However, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have a start of some twenty miles ahead of them, at least, even if they find the rope and take up the trail the first thing this morning. Probably, at first, only half a dozen will follow; but as soon as they find that we have taken to the river, they will see that more will be required, and there will be little loss of time before two parties are formed, one to go up the river and the other down. Of course they will have to divide again, so as to follow both banks; they will know exactly how far the river goes, and will have to examine the bank most carefully as they move along, and I doubt whether they will be here till late this afternoon. When they find where we left the stream,—which I think they are sure to do, however careful we may be,—they will, no doubt, follow until it gets dark, and will then probably camp until morning. I doubt whether even Indians could follow the trail by torch-light; so that even if

this river is twenty miles from here,—I should hardly think that it was so far by what I have heard of it from the Indians,—we ought to be afloat long before they reach it. Then we shall have the stream with us, and I should think that we would be safe from further pursuit."

A spot on the bank free from bushes was soon found. They stepped out, and lifted the canoe ashore.

"Better take off boots, massa; naked feet no leave much mark; those heels of your boots make mark easy to see wid half an eye."

Guy at once pulled off his boots, and placed them in the canoe. In this they also laid their heavy pistols, and then lifted it on to their shoulders, and struck into the forest. Once away from the stream, there was little undergrowth; the trees stood thickly together, forming a shade so dense that, except where the light penetrated, at places where trees had fallen from age, or a space had been cleared by some great storm, the ground was clear of all obstacles. Both had sufficient forest experience to be able to keep their course without hesitation. Patches of moss or lichen were sufficient indication to them as to the points of the compass, while, as the sun rose high enough for its rays to find a passage here and there through the canopy of leaves, it furnished so unerring an index that it was unnecessary even to glance at the indications given by tree-trunks.

Their only difficulty consisted in crossing two lanes where tracts a hundred yards across had been cleared by hurricanes. One of these was a recent one, and they stopped dismayed when they arrived at its edge. The trunks were all laid one way, as if some gigantic roller had been dragged along across the forest; but their boughs were twisted in the wildest confusion, while a thick undergrowth, some fifteen feet in height, had already sprung up between the trunks and branches.

"What to be done, Marse Guy?"

"There is nothing that I can see but to cut through it. I know that these lanes often extend for many miles, and we have no time to go round it. It is lucky that you brought your ax instead of a sword. Let us begin at the point where that trunk, in falling, rested on the

one next to it. We can crawl under that; afterward we must take our chances."

It was terrible work. They took turns using the ax, finding no difficulty where only the fresh-grown underwood had to be chopped through, but having enormous labor in crossing the fallen trunks and hewing a way through the tangled branches. The most extreme care had to be used to prevent the canoe from being damaged by the rough ends of broken branches, and it was not until after two hours of incessant toil that they reached the other side of the barren.

A second lane was of much longer standing, and the trunks of the fallen trees were already crumbling into dust from the influence of the climate and the attacks of insect foes. Half an hour's work, therefore, sufficed to take them across.

Guy had put on his boots when they arrived at the first obstacle, and, knowing that there could be no difficulty in following up their track, continued to wear them. Darkness was already closing in when they saw the trees open before them, and a few minutes later they arrived on the bank of a considerable stream.

CHAPTER VI.

It was fortunate that Guy had traveled southwest instead of south, for near where he found the Roanoke the river makes a sudden turn to the south, and it would have taken him two if not three days before he came to it.

"Thank Heaven!" Guy exclaimed, when they reached the river. "We are safe so far. Put the canoe in the water, Shanti; we will camp on the other side. I shall sleep a deal more comfortably with the river between us and our foes. I know they cannot possibly arrive here before morning, even if they are on the track all night; still, one would keep on fancying that one heard sounds in the wood."

"Dat so, Marse Guy; dar is some sounds dat me should be bery glad to hear."

"What sounds are those?"

"Me should like to hear de grunt ob a pig, or de call ob a gobbler. Just dis time last night we take our meal, and me dat hungry I could eat 'mos' anything," Shanti answered.

"I suppose I am hungry, too, Shanti, though I have n't given it a thought until now," Guy replied, with a look of surprise. "There has been no time to be hungry."

"Me been t'inking about eating, massa, and dat make me wonderful hungry. To-morrow morning, first thing, make bow and arrows. No use run away from Indians and den die ob hunger."

"That is true enough. Of course we have our pistols, if we see anything to shoot; but I should not like to fire them off unless in extreme necessity. There is no saying who might be about the woods, and the sound might bring a score of redskins upon us."

By this time they had reached the opposite shore. The canoe was carried a few yards into the forest, and then they threw themselves down; and even the thought of the loss that they had suffered, and the danger that surrounded them, was insufficient to keep Guy awake for more than ten minutes after he had lain down, while the negro fell asleep almost the instant his head touched the ground.

The sun had not yet risen when Guy was awakened. Shanti was shaking him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Wake up, massa, quick, and get canoe into water."

Guy sprang to his feet with the idea that they were about to be attacked, and without question seized one end of the canoe and carried it to the water, took his place and seized the paddle.

"Where, Shanti?" he exclaimed.

"Dere, sah, half-way across de river. Paddle for yo' life."

Mechanically Guy struck his paddle in the water, but without having an idea what the negro meant. Leaning a little on one side so as to look directly ahead in the direction in which they were speeding, he saw what had so excited Shanti, and at once put more vigor into his strokes; for above the water he could see the head and antlers of a stag. The animal had already taken the alarm, and was swimming strongly; but the canoe flew along, and overtook it within ten yards of the shore. The negro laid down his paddle, seized one of the antlers, and with his knife cut the deer's throat. Then he dragged the carcass into the canoe.

"T'ank de Lord, massa, here am breakfast and dinner!" was Shanti's exclamation.

"That is good indeed," Guy said. "How was it that you happened to see him?"

Shanti went down to the bank to get a drink, massa. Just as he stooped he hear a

miles down the river first. The redskins might reach the bank before we have finished breakfast, and might swim across when we camp to-night. It is better to throw them off the track altogether. When they come here and see no signs of us, they will most likely give up the search; for we might, for all they can tell, have paddled all night, and by this time be forty miles away."

The negro made no reply, but it was evident from the vigor with which he at once began to paddle that he was determined to get his breakfast as soon as possible. In half an hour they landed, carried up the canoe, and then set about collecting perfectly dry sticks; for when hunting with Ponta, Guy had been taught that the Indians



"THE CANOE FLEW ALONG, AND OVERTOOK THE STAG."

rustle in de bushes. He keep bery still; den he see a stag come out fifty yards away, and stop to drink. Me would have run to canoe and got pistol, but remembered what massa said, and me bite my teeth to t'ink ob all dat good meat, and not able to get um. Den me saw stag going to cross river; den me ran and woke yo' up. We go back and land?"

"No, Shanti; we will paddle two or three

always burn dried wood, so that no smoke, that might betray them to an enemy on some distant eminence, should issue through the tree-tops. As soon as sufficient was collected, dry moss and lichen were gathered, and Guy drew the charge from one of his pistols, scattered a portion of the powder among the moss, and then, renewing the priming, flashed the pistol into it. A flame at once sprang up.

Small twigs were laid over it, and then larger ones, until a bright, smokeless fire was obtained. While he was doing this, Shanti had skinned the deer, cut slices of meat from one of the haunches, and spitted them on the ramrod of his pistol. As soon as the fire was well alight, he got two stones, and placed them on the fire at a distance apart that would permit the ends of the ramrod to rest upon them. Then he filled the other rod with meat, in readiness to take its place as soon as the first batch was cooked.

"Where are you going?" Guy asked, as he turned and walked abruptly away.

"Me going out ob reach ob him smell, massa; if stop here, must eat him before he is ready. Pity to do dat."

Guy laughed; but he himself was experiencing the same feeling, and it was not long before he called the negro to him. It could not be said that the food was well done, but they enjoyed it thoroughly, and were able to wait patiently until the second supply was well cooked. As soon as the meal was over, they hid the canoe very securely, and then started through the forest to look for a tree the wood of which Indians use for their bows. It was not long before they found one of the right age, and, cutting it down, Shanti hewed off a piece six feet long. Next they cut some wood suitable for arrows, having a straight grain and splitting easily, and then returned to their fire. As the negro was far more skilled at bow-making than Guy, the latter left the matter to him, and, as he worked, sat apparently idle, but really thinking deeply.

"It all seems so uncertain," he said at last. "We know that the Tuscaroras who inhabit the country through which we shall pass, although at present good friends with those of Virginia, have often been engaged in fierce wars with them; but I fancy that some of them must have joined in the uprising. If that was the case, we are not likely to meet with mercy if we fall into their hands on our way down to the sea; therefore we must take every precaution, and travel at night and hide during the day."

"I have heard that the journey by this river is twice as long as it is by the James down to the sea; so it will take us a week, at least.

Once near the mouth of the river, the danger from the Indians will be comparatively small. Ponta described the swamps as being terrible, inhabited by fierce monsters and great snakes, and declared that few Indians would venture into them in search of game, although they abounded with wild-fowl. He said that there were great ponds, or lakes, among the swamps, and that everywhere there were little creeks and water-courses that could be traversed by canoes; that the ground in most places was so swampy that a man who placed his foot on it would sink down out of sight, but that in some places the ground was higher, and that here men who had for some offenses been expelled from their tribes, or who had drawn upon themselves the vengeance of some powerful chief, would build huts, and live by fishing and fowling until their friends could make terms for them by payment in skins and other things prized among them."

"Does de sea eber go ober dis low ground, Marse Guy?"

"No; great seas do not break on that part of the coast. Our people have sailed along it, and I heard from my father that there is, some miles farther out, a narrow strip of land. It starts a short distance south of Cape Henry, which is at the mouth of the bay into which the James runs; it extends south one hundred and fifty miles, or thereabouts, to a cape called Hatteras, and then southwest over a hundred miles. At some points this strip of land is twenty or thirty miles from the shore of the mainland, at others not more than three or four miles. There are several islands in the inclosed water, and there are two or three points where there is a break in the barrier. Farther on there is another reef of the same kind, but much closer to the land. My father said that fishermen sometimes established themselves on these strange sandy islands, catching and drying fish. When they had a boat-load they took it to Jamestown or sold it to the settlers near the river. Our best chance of escape is to find some of these fishermen; but it may well be that when they get news of the destruction of the settlers in Virginia, they will leave the place, and hide somewhere near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, so as to row out and

warn any ship that may arrive, and secure a passage in her back to England. Still, we may hope that some will remain, hoping that when the news reaches England reinforcements will be sent out."

"How do dey get water, massa?"

"I have no idea. In fact, I know no more than you do about them. Anyhow, I think

"Me suppose the creatures must be like dose in de rivers ob my own country, sah."

"What are they like, Shanti?"

"Dey are long, and covered all ober with thick scales dat cannot be pierced by spear or arrow. Dey have big, big mouths, full ob teeth; dey have short legs, and a long tail. Dey are bery like de little lizards dat run



"MESSENGERS WERE SENT TO WARN THE SETTLERS OF THE INDIAN UPRISING."

that our best chance will be to establish ourselves on some ground high enough to be dry in one of these great swamps. As for the monsters that they talk about, it is hard if, with our pistols, arrows, sword, and ax, we cannot defend ourselves. There are sure to be some sorts of beasts that one can eat—bears, for instance; and we are sure to be able to catch fish or snare wild-fowl. At any rate, I would rather have a battle with wild beasts than with redskins."

about on de walls and banks, but twenty, thirty feet long."

"Well, I should not feel very comfortable in our little canoe, if a brute like that were to lift his head out of the water close to us; and I should certainly like a boat that was stronger or more solid. There are many such creatures lurking everywhere in the swamps here. By the way, Shanti, I don't see why you carry that big feather head-dress about."

"No take up much room, sah; might be useful. If we paddle along one dark night, and Indian canoe pass by, dey just make out Shanti paddling with dese plumes on his head; too dark to see him black man; dey t'ink he chief."

"They would soon find you out when they spoke to you," said Guy, laughing.

"Yes, marse; but me know that de redskins not talk much to each other. Two white men meet on path, dey stop and talk; two redskins

meet, dey walk straight past each oder—perhaps give grunt, perhaps not. But if dey speak, me say nothing; and den if dey paddle close to see who can be, den me shoot arrow into dem, or knock dem on head with paddle, and get rid ob dem."

Guy smiled at this. "It all sounds very nice and easy, but I am afraid that it might not go off as smoothly as you think. However, Shanti, keep your head-dress of feathers, anyhow; they may prove useful."

(*To be continued.*)

"BIG JACK."

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

I WONDER how many of the little people in New York City who read this magazine have ever heard of "Big Jack"? Not many, I fancy; and yet Big Jack is quite an important character, and holds a very responsible position, which he fills with much dignity as well as credit to himself, and satisfaction to his employers.

His headquarters are at Broadway and Twenty-Second Street, where he can usually be found at about ten o'clock in the morning, and from that hour, off and on, until about 5 p.m. In the intervals his business affairs call him to various parts of the city, but, being extremely methodical in his habits, he is usually at his office about lunch-time.

You may be somewhat surprised to learn that he is strictly a vegetarian, confining his diet solely to cereals or fruit, with occasionally a few lumps of sugar. He should have been a Scotchman, judging by his fondness for oats, but he was born, I am told, in our own country.

Possibly his love for oats may account for his beautiful complexion, which is snowy white, with just a suggestion of pink showing through and telling of the warm, rich blood flowing underneath.

I first became acquainted with Jack about five years ago. Indeed, I must confess that we scraped acquaintance. It came about in this

manner. I was standing with my little daughter upon the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street, waiting for an uptown car, when I became aware that we were being very closely regarded by a pair of unusually large and extremely beautiful brown eyes—eyes which were very eloquent, and seemed to say much more plainly than words could have done: "I am very favorably impressed with that little girl, and I should like to know her. Will she speak to me, do you think?"

I called the little girl's attention to the big eyes looking at her so steadfastly, and, do you know, I believe she understood their language even better than I did, and yet I flatter myself that I am a pretty good interpreter of such glances. At any rate, she walked straight up to their owner and said: "Why do you look at me that-a-way? I just guess you *know* I keep lumps of sugar in my pocket to give to great, big lovely horses like you!"

Slowly a great white head with the most intelligent eyes I have ever seen was lowered to a level with the little maid's face, and two or three queer, sidling steps taken to bring it closer to the outstretched arms. The owner seemed to realize that those little arms never gave any save the tenderest caresses, and he was very glad to feel one circle around his huge, soft

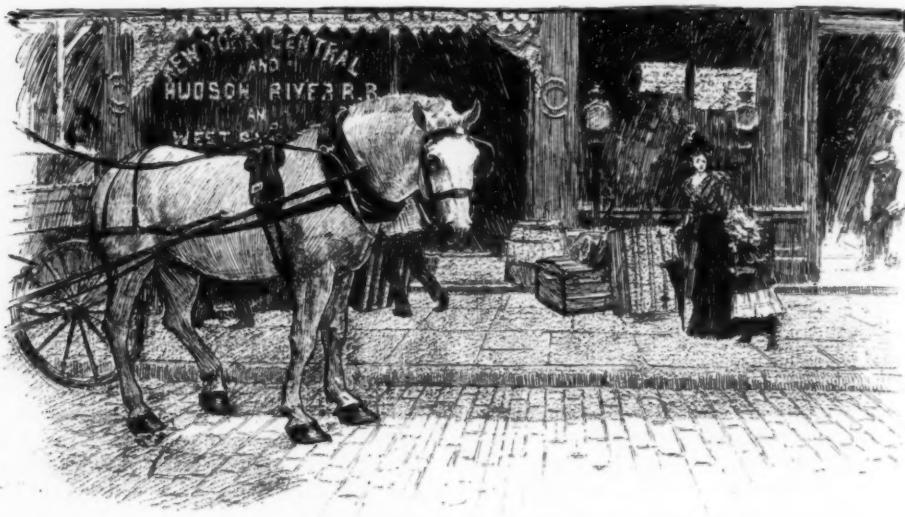
neck, while the other carried a small hand to stroke a very silky muzzle, for Big Jack is a horse among horses. And big, indeed, he is—a giant of his kind.

There is nothing small about Jack either in his make-up or his manners. His head is massive, but magnificently formed, with thin, sensitive nostrils, wide-awake eyes placed widely apart, small, alert ears which point forward, or

keenly on them, not many have the hardihood to push matters too far.

Big Jack has hosts of friends, who always have a kind word for him, and a day rarely passes without some one bringing him a dainty of some sort.

His driver carries him an apple every morning when he goes to the stable to take him out for his day's work, and Jack knows exactly the



"THERE IS NOTHING SMALL ABOUT JACK EITHER IN HIS MAKE-UP OR HIS MANNERS."

occasionally one is turned back as though to listen round the corner for the sound of a familiar voice, or a kindly word from his driver, who is justly proud of the big white creature.

And such a neck! I would not dare venture a guess as to the size of collar Jack wears, for the great neck arches up to a crest that is truly noble.

But his eyes tell more of his noble nature than all the rest of the head together; they are so big, so soft, so brown, and so eloquent. With them he talks to you, expressing by them love, kindness, expectancy, joy, and—sometimes—make-believe anger, for Jack is rarely angry in earnest.

But he resents the slightest approach to teasing by flashing his big eyes at his tormentor, and after they have seen the sharp eyes turned so

hour to expect him, and the instant his foot-fall is heard, greets him with a loud whinny.

After Jack has enjoyed his apple, his master lets him out of his stall, and that is Jack's opportunity for a frolic. He prances about like a young colt until told to "go along and get his drink," when he at once marches off to the water-trough and proceeds to drink up a few gallons. A good breakfast follows, and then he puts himself in position to be harnessed, gets into his shafts, and is ready for business. He knows exactly what is expected of him, and trots straight to the express office at Twenty-second Street and Broadway.

Jack does not move rapidly; it is not compatible with his size and dignity to do so, for he seems to realize his importance and to understand how utterly impossible it would be



"THE BIG, SOFT HEAD COMES DOWN."

for the company to conduct the express business without Jack's valuable assistance.

In front of his office, Jack is king, and woe to any other horse who tries to usurp his special post. He knows precisely how that wagon should be backed in to the sidewalk to receive its daily load, and does not rest until he has brought it precisely to the proper position.

Then he settles down for a nap, and no one would imagine that the big white horse standing there with his head hanging down and eyes partly closed had half an ounce of sense in his great head. But stand aside for a few moments and watch him. Presently you see one ear turned slowly backward for apparently no cause at all. But Jack knows more than you do, and that ear is sharp, and has heard the patter of familiar feet and the sound of a sweet little voice. He cannot see behind him because, long ago, some stupid man, who thought he knew more about horses' needs and natures than He who created them, decreed that they must wear a great patch of leather on each



"A FEW MORE LOVING PATS UPON THE DEAR OLD NOSE."

side of their heads in order that they may not know what is happening behind them; and blinders they are indeed.

But he did not stop up their *ears*, and Jack has that to be thankful for.

That pretty ear has heard a voice it recognizes, and when it has told its possessor that the owner of that voice is near enough to be seen, slowly the great head is raised and turned the least little bit to the right side, and the eyes, but a moment since so dull and sleepy,—so oblivious of surrounding affairs,—begin to beam with a wonderful softness.

Now comes dancing along a little girl about



"NOW, JACK, WE MUST SHAKE HANDS."

four years of age, with brown curls waving and brown eyes sparkling. A little girl who never walks; she skips and she prances, she jumps and she dances, as she holds her mother's hand, and, I had better add, she chatters incessantly.

No wonder Jack has heard her. She comes up from behind him very quietly and says softly, "Good morning, dear old Jack!"

Jack hitches a step or two closer to the sidewalk and waits; for Jack is a sly old fellow, and he knows it would never do to turn too quickly, and so spoil this pleasant little game of peek-a-boo.

"Who loves sugar, and how many lumps have I in my pocket for somebody?"

The word "sugar" has broken the charm, and Jack can no longer resist. The big, soft head comes down to the little girl's outstretched arms and snuggles close up to her—so close that one passing by stops to say, "Oh, that horse will surely hurt that child."

But Big Jack and Wee Winkles understand each other too well, and the great creature's gentleness is a very beautiful lesson.

"Now, Jack," she continues, "before we can have any sugar we must shake hands."

Hardly are the words uttered when up comes a monstrous right foot, which two small hands grasp at the slender ankle; for to hold the hoof itself would be somewhat like trying to hold half a ton.

"That's a dear horse. Now, find the buttons on my coat,—a lump of sugar for each button, you know."

Very gently the soft muzzle travels up the front of the little coat, and a sly nip is given to the top button. The reward is instantly given, and crunched with a relish. Before it has had time to slip down the huge throat, Jack has found the second button, and won his second lump. Four buttons in all, and four lumps of sugar.

A few more loving pats upon the dear old nose, the assurance that she "loves him *dearly, dearly*," and Wee Winkles prances away up Broadway to Madison Square for her morning airing, while Jack watches her until she is lost in the throng.

Nearly every day, during the winter months

in town for almost two years, Jack was visited, and no matter how long a time elapsed during the summer, when his little friend was out of town, Jack never forgot her, but upon her return showed his delight in every possible way.

But at length came a long separation, for the little girl moved far away uptown, where she lived for two years, and then moved to the country, and Big Jack was seen no longer. We often wondered whether he missed his morning visitor and lumps of sugar, but concluded that several other children, who knew and loved him, would doubtless remember him. Not only children love Jack, but grown people find something very fascinating in the great creature, who is by turns affectionate or mischievous, and seems to act toward his friends with remarkable discrimination, showing to some all that is gentlest and sweetest—and this usually to the little people—in his disposition, and to others his mischief.

To see Jack dissemble is too funny for words to express. He will pretend he does not know a friend is near him until that friend slips his hand into his pocket for the apple or sugar which Jack knows all the time is there. Then he will turn his head slowly, very slowly, toward the individual, who may have been standing there for the past two minutes,—time is of no value to Jack,—then a quiet, scarcely perceptible change in the position of the ears, a surprised opening of the eyes, as though to say: "Why, really, are you there? I am surprised! I had no idea that you were within half a mile. So pleased to see you!"

Then the sweet morsel is accepted in the most gracious manner imaginable, as though his lordship were conferring a great favor by condescending to accept the attention.

And now I must tell you something which seems almost too wonderful to be true. After a lapse of five years, we can tell a tale of Jack's intelligence which is truly extraordinary, and which proves conclusively, if, indeed, the fact ever could be doubted, that our dumb friend has a memory which some of his two-footed friends might envy.

Not long since his little friend, now grown quite a large girl of nine years, went with

her mother to the city to do some shopping, and, turning into Twenty-second Street from Sixth Avenue, the first object which met her eyes was Big Jack standing in front of one of the shops.

Although five years have passed over Jack's head since we first met him,—and that is quite a number as horses' lives are counted,—they have dealt very gently with him, and he is but little changed. Not quite so sleek, perhaps, and not so kittenish, for Jack has worked hard and steadily all these years, and work tells even upon the strongest horses; but the same old Jack stood before us, and could not be mistaken.

We were behind him, and his blinders prevented him from seeing us.

"Oh, mama," said his little friend, "do you think he will remember me if I speak to him? How I wish we had some sugar for the dear old fellow!"

I replied that we would step into a store close at hand and get a few lumps, and then we would test Jack's memory. We soon had our sugar, and Wee Winkles—no longer "wee"—walked up from behind him as of old, and said in the voice which Jack had not heard for nearly four years, and which naturally must have changed considerably in that interval: "Good morning, dear old Jack!" To my great astonishment, the recognition was instantaneous. Quick as a flash the great head was turned; and not only that, but a soft whinny told of the dear old fellow's joy, as did also the quick snuggling down to the outstretched arms.

No one could possibly doubt these demonstrations of delight; and when they were followed by the voluntary upraising of the huge fore foot, as of old, for the—what shall I say—foot-shake? his little friend's joy knew no bounds.

"Oh, mama, mama," she cried, "did you ever know anything so wonderful?"

I replied that it was indeed very remarkable, and added, "Can it be possible that he has remembered all the tricks? Ask him about the s-u-g-a-r"—spelling the word lest the sound might recall the trick of the buttons.

"Who loves sugar, and how many lumps have I in my pocket for somebody?"

But, alas! fashions have changed in four years, and some coats have no buttons at all. In vain poor Jack felt about for the top button, then a little lower for where number two should have been found, then at the other side for three and four, but no buttons were there; and Jack, utterly disgusted, manifested it by shaking his head and stamping his foot. His surprise was absurdly funny, and if he could have spoken I believe he would have said with withering scorn: "Well, if *I* were in *your* place I'd go straight home and *sew on my buttons!*"

Jack, however, got his four lumps despite the fashions, and was a very happy horse.

It is perhaps rather difficult to believe this little tale, but it is absolutely true from beginning to end, and has been written in order to give the little people who reside in that section of New York and who read this magazine,—for doubtless there are many,—an opportunity to see and know Big Jack, for I do assure you he is well worth seeing and knowing.

There are, I dare say, a great many very clever and very beautiful horses in our big city. Indeed, Wee Winkles and I know several ourselves. "Billy Borden," for instance, who knows his milk route so well that his driver has only to say, "8 West 66th, Billy," or "9 West 65th, Billy," to have him go at once to these addresses, or any other with which he is familiar. Again, he will say: "No milk here today, Billy," and Billy jogs on.

Then there is "Dan Sorrel," who draws the milk-wagon which takes the milk to Central Park Dairy every morning. His driver often amuses the children who gather about his pet by saying:

"Now, Dan, I believe you are a Democrat."

"No!" shakes the head.

"What! a Republican?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" and a stamping of both front feet, while the tail is slashed about like a banner to emphasize his sentiments.

Dan is great fun. Nor must we forget our old pet "Jingo" of the mounted policemen's horses; for he was truly wonderful, and I might go on almost endlessly telling of his remarkable sagacity and cleverness.

Jingo and Wee Winkles were warm friends, for Winkles spent two winters in a home very

near the West Seventy-second Street entrance to the park, and each sunshiny day carried her lump of sugar to Jingo, who would perform all sorts of tricks in order to win his reward. He would waltz, go down upon his knees, shake hands, fetch a pocket-handkerchief which she made believe she had dropped, whisper in his rider's ear, and do many things besides.

It is a never-ending source of surprise to me that so few people seem to understand the wonderful intelligence of horses, or the marvelous possibilities in developing that intelligence.

All my life I have either had horses of my own or been so fortunately situated that I might make the acquaintance of those belonging to others. I use the word "acquaintance" advisedly, for one *must* become acquainted, must be in sympathy with them, before they will show the best side of their horse natures.

I have frequently stopped in the street beside a horse who looked as though life had been a hard struggle for him, and whose every line of face and attitude showed a stolid endurance of the inevitable, as if fate had settled his lot beyond all power to change, and nothing remained but to endure and wait until death put an end to it all. After standing for a few moments unnoticed,—as though the poor creature were thinking within itself, "She is only one more, like all the rest, and will either pass on and take no notice of me, or say, 'Get out of the way, you brute,'"—I would say softly, but without moving, "Come here, old fellow."

At first there would not be the slightest response, save, perhaps, the slight turn of an ear; but upon repeating it two or three times in exactly the same tone, the head would turn slowly toward me, and a look of surprise would come into the tired eyes, as though a gentle word were a thing before unknown.

At the third repetition I have rarely failed to have the poor old nose stretched out toward me for a gentle stroke, and the neck thus brought within reach of a kind pat.

Not infrequently have I had the owner of some such unfortunate say to me, "Hi, there! Look out! That horse 'll bite ye!" and have replied, "Oh, I think not; watch him a moment, and see if I am not right."

I well recall one such instance, when I went up to intercede for a poor beast that was being cruelly lashed because it could not draw a load which was far beyond its strength.

I begged the driver to desist, which, I add to his credit, he did at once, getting down off his cart, whip in hand. As he did so I went up to the poor creature's head, and was greeted with a series of snaps and plunges, as though his tormentors had driven him nearly wild. "Don't go within ten feet av the baste!" exclaimed the man. "He 'll have the head off yer."

"I hardly think so," I said, and kept straight on, speaking softly and kindly to the trembling creature, while I reached out to take him by the rein.

Up flew the head as if to avoid a blow, telling all too eloquently how often the poor muzzle had smarted from one.

But dear Mother Nature is kind, and has endowed her dumb creatures with wonderful discerning powers; so not many minutes had passed before the poor tired head was nestled close to me, and soft strokes and gentle words seemed to act as a sedative upon nerves which were utterly unstrung.

The man stood by open-mouthed. "Well, be all the powers!" said he; "the likes av that niver did I see in all me born days. I thought the baste would ate the very handle off me shovel!"

"He is better than you thought, is he not?"

"Faith, I believe ye 've bewitched him," he answered.

"Yes," I said, "I have; but *you* can bewitch him in the same way if you will only try it. I wish you would."

All this is a long way from Big Jack, and we must not forget our chief character in our sympathies for his less fortunate kindred.

But I want the little people who read this to realize how much that is lovable and beautiful dear Mother Nature has put right in our daily paths, if we will only raise our eyes to see and our voices to win it; for surely it cannot fail to help us by developing all that is best and loveliest in ourselves.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

TEN Christmas presents standing in a line;
Robert took the bicycle, then there were nine.

Nine Christmas presents ranged in order straight;

Bob took the steam-engine, then there were eight.

Eight Christmas presents—and one came from Devon;

Robbie took the jack-knife, then there were seven.



Seven Christmas presents direct from St. Nick's;

Bobby took the candy-box, then there were six.

Six Christmas presents, one of them alive;

Rob took the puppy-dog, then there were five.

Five Christmas presents yet on the floor;

Bobbin took the soldier-cap, then there were four.

Four Christmas presents underneath the tree;

Bobbet took the writing-desk, then there were three.

Three Christmas presents still in full view;
Robin took the checker-board, then there were two.

Two Christmas presents, promising fun,
Bobbles took the picture-book, then there was one.

One Christmas present—and now the list is done;

Bobbinet took the sled, and then there were none.
And the same happy child received every toy,
So many nicknames had one little boy.

Carolyn Wells.



The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

By

Robert B. Nelson.

was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops, and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered four thousand horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly two thousand persons and eight hundred horses.

The French king had an equally splendid retinue.

King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that, and erected a new one for his king. This palace was the most beautiful place imaginable; it had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside, the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace, for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suites were to lodge.

The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres, and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were

EVEN the cardinal was satisfied. He stood before the old castle of Guisnes, and surveyed the plain between Guisnes and Ardres. It had been bare and desolate, but his genius had transformed it into a veritable fairy-land. He felt that its beauty made it worthy of the event it was to commemorate — the meeting of Henry VIII., King of England, and Francis I., King of France.

It was Wolsey, the cardinal, who had advised his royal master to meet Francis in all good fellowship; he feared the influence of the Spanish, and wished Henry to form an alliance with France.

The French king, too, was anxious to secure Henry as an ally, and the Plain of Guisnes had been agreed upon as the place of meeting; it was close to the French frontier, but on English ground.

Henry had consented to cross the Channel, and his prime minister, Wolsey, had arranged all the details of the journey and the meeting.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his three hundred followers, headed the escort, and

lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them, and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling.

Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gaily.

So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Cardinal Wolsey was very fond of splendor and pomp, and on this occasion had exerted all his powers.

He was quite satisfied with the result, and, after looking about carefully to see that all was in readiness, he gathered together his large retinue of noblemen, and in stately procession they rode across the field to pay the respects of Henry to Francis.

One hundred noblemen mounted on horses whose trappings were of red velvet rode first. After them came the bearer of a huge gold cross and a crucifix of precious stones. Then came the haughty cardinal, dressed in crimson velvet and wearing his red hat. His horse had trappings of crimson velvet, and the stirrups and buckles were of gold. Behind him were six bishops, and then a hundred of the king's archers with their great yew bows and keen arrows.

This grand procession rode to the French tents near the town of Ardres, where it was saluted by the French artillery. At the tent of King Francis, Wolsey dismounted, and presented the regards of his master to the King of France. Then he returned to the English camp, and the following day Francis sent one of his nobles to return the ceremonious visit in similar state.

The French noble and his followers were royally treated by the English, and "feasted marvelously," which is not to be wondered at, as the English had brought with them two hundred cooks.

It was on June 7, 1520, that the meeting of the sovereigns took place, and, amid the roar of saluting guns, they rode forth, each accompanied by a brilliant retinue similar to that of the cardinal; indeed, even the follow-

ing of the greatest monarch could hardly be more gorgeous than Wolsey's.

The King of England was magnificent, attired in cloth of silver set with jewels; and his horse had golden trappings. The King of France was equally dazzling in cloth of gold.

When they met, they dismounted, embraced each other, and went into a beautiful pavilion to confer together. Their retainers kept guard outside until they reappeared, and then great revelry followed.

Day after day the good fellowship continued between the kings and their followers. Henry called on the Queen of France, and a splendid banquet was given in his honor, in which all the queen's ladies were dressed in cloth of gold. On the same day, Francis was entertained with equal splendor by the Queen of England. Occasionally, during these days of good cheer, a tournament was held, in which, each accompanied by twenty nobles, the two kings engaged in combat against any who dared to meet them. But only blunt lances were used, so no injury could be inflicted.

When no tournament was being held, the kings' soldiers gave exhibitions of their strength and skill in running, jumping, wrestling, or riding. These exhibitions Henry and Francis always attended, and the two queens, with their ladies, frequently watched the sports through the glazed windows of the long galleries erected for them.

A French captain, by way of amusing himself, collected all the boys of the neighboring towns, and formed them into a company, which he drilled every day. They were bright youngsters, and greatly enjoyed being drilled by a real soldier.

One day King Francis heard of this new company of his subjects, and expressed a desire to witness its tactics. Accordingly, preparations were made; bright new helmets and lances were provided for the young soldiers, and a new French flag obtained.

When the eventful day came, the kings, queens, and all the splendid retinue watched the drilling of the proud little Frenchmen, who went through with it very creditably and were highly applauded.

Then King Francis wished to test their bravery, and, at his request, King Henry's

archers, two hundred in number, and all of whom had been selected on account of height and strength, were placed at the top of a hill; and up that hill, facing the mighty archers, the company of boys was ordered.

They were armed with blunted lances, and they did not know that the king's archers had been instructed to send their arrows so far over the heads of the boys as to avoid all chance of hurting them.

Great guns were placed on the hilltop, to bewilder and terrify the young soldiers. It was a severe test of bravery. When the order came to advance and take possession of the hill, the captain who had drilled the boys placed the flag of France in the hands of a young peasant, Victor Bacheaux, with the command, "This is your king's flag; guard it with your life!"

Victor Bacheaux, proud as boy could be, stepped quickly to the front, holding the flag gallantly aloft.

"Go, now," the captain said very impressively to his company of eager boys, "and never look back; do not forget—*never look back!*"

Then the boy in command gave the order, and the gay little band marched straight to the hill and began the long ascent.

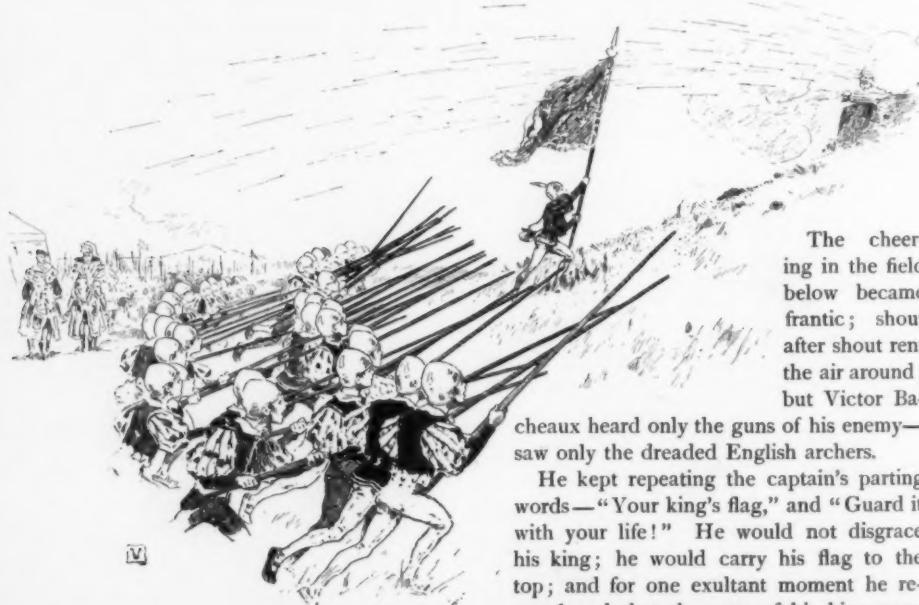
Then the guns began to roar, and the archers sent their arrows forth. Still the boys kept on; they were half-way up the hill. The people in the field below were shouting and cheering; but in front of them were those mighty archers whose arrows were flying thick and fast.

Suddenly a panic came upon the little Frenchmen—such a panic as has come upon many and many an army, in many a war.

Down the hill they ran in panic terror—an inglorious retreat.

But Victor Bacheaux still carried the flag straight in the face of the enemy. He heard the mad rush behind him, and knew his companions had deserted him; but he did not turn his head. "Never look back," the captain had said.

On and still on he went, holding the dear flag steadily before him. He was unarmed, defenseless. And, oh, how loudly the guns boomed, and how fearful was that grim line of archers and terrible the twanging of bows!



"THE GAY LITTLE BAND BEGAN THE LONG ASCENT."

The cheering in the field below became frantic; shout after shout rent the air around; but Victor Bacheaux heard only the guns of his enemy—saw only the dreaded English archers.

He kept repeating the captain's parting words—"Your king's flag," and "Guard it with your life!" He would not disgrace his king; he would carry his flag to the top; and for one exultant moment he remembered that the eyes of his king were upon him. But he was getting close to



"ON AND STILL ON HE WENT, HOLDING THE FLAG STEADILY BEFORE HIM."

those terrible archers, and he was marching bravely, steadily, to what he believed to be his death, when, to his intense surprise, the archers ceased shooting, and rushed toward him. He stood quite still, and held the flag higher than ever. "*Vive la France!*!" he cried defiantly.

And the English archers, too, shouted, "Long live France!" as they caught up the little

Frenchman and held him high for the field below to see.

Great was the cheering. The bravery of the little lad touched all hearts; and that day it was not the mighty King of England, nor the resplendent King of France, but Victor Bacheaux, the peasant, who had shown himself the hero of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.



ONE CHRISTMAS EVE AT MASTER MUFFET'S

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.



wed I 've been a-trying to correct 'em; but will womankind be so corrected by man alive?

My Patsey's main fault hath ever been a kind of wastefulness in housewifely spending. Nobody can say that Thomas Muffet is one to keep an' hoard. I am for doing the right thing at the right time, by mouth an' back; yet too much feasting one day will make too much fasting the next. "Woman," quoth I, a-many a time, "Patsey, woman, we shall be eaten out of house an' home with thy continual good cookery." To be sure, I did my best at the eating, an' thanked Heaven for my good digestion, since when all was cooked an' served on table, I bethought me 't was better eaten than left over. "Wilful waste maketh woeful want," would I say, forever falling to; for if good pease-porridge will fill you up comfortably, is it not waste to choose mince-pie instead, at good ten times the cost on 't?

Now, as to my giving in as I did that Christmas-time,—aye, after putting my foot down to the contrary,—as to that, I 've never been quite cock-sure in my mind, neighbors, concerning the right or the wrong on 't. Be that as may, I could no more ha' holpen it, with that woman an' those children a-going on so, than I can help dying when my natural time

comes. Certain, that was the merriest Christmas that ever we did spend.

Of all the times that a year round will fetch, I do know that Christmas is counted the bravest for good eating and all merrymaking. Whiles have I heard my gran'father tell of the Christmas good cheer in old England in 's young days; an' truly their eating an' their drinking, their singing o' carols, an' such like, their playing an' their pranking, would be something worth to hear an' tell again. We've no such doings here in Virginia, to be sure, yet everybody will find you a feast, for white folk an' black, an' red, too, at Christmas. Maybe some o' you will be calling me a sorry churl to say nay in the first place. Judge for



"MY WIFE PATSEY IS A WELL-MEANING WOMAN AS ANY IN VIRGINIA."

yourselves. 'T was a mighty bad humor I was in that while, an' that's past denying; an' my spirit 't was heavy an' my purse 't was monstrous light. Ye see, I 'd had a vast many losses an' crosses that year, an' what with the o'er high price of this thing an' the o'er-low price of that, why, the money came slowly in. I had barely made shift to pay for the young ones' shoes an' winter rigging when they all 'gan to talk concerning Christmas.

Now, when Patsey an' the youngsters 'gan to talk o' their plum-pudding an' their mince-pies, why, it did seem to me the last straw! I upped on tiptoes then, and I said stoutly that sure as my name was Thomas Muffet there should be neither eating nor drinking out of common, neither money spent nor time wasted, Christmas or no Christmas, in my house.

When I so spake they looked mightily taken aback, and in sooth I 'd a right queer feeling myself, 'fore the words were well-nigh out; for all, I kept a stiff upper lip, an' never once let on. 'T was the look o' the children touched me keenest,—an' there was Patsey, too. "Thomas!" quoth she; "Thomas!" No more nor less; an' her lip it trembled a bit. There sat she, saying naught, an' there sat Jack, an' Tony, an' Peg, a-looking for all the world like I 'd ordered 'em off to the galleys.

Then saith I: "What! Did ye look to be a-feasting when we can scarce pay honestly for daily meat an' meal? To think of a Christian man," quoth I, "an' father of a family, an' a shopkeeper besides, an' a leather-breeches maker at that—to think o' his being so harried an' worried in 'is own house! Christmas here an' Christmas there, forsooth! Heaven ha'mercy on us," saith I, "for the unthankfulness of women an' children! What! have ye not daily bread to eat? Have ye not good clothes to cover you? Can we not go to church Christianly, say our prayers an' sing our hymns in season, without mince-pie or snap-dragon? I warrant ye can," quoth I; "and if ye do it well-behavely, why, maybe this time next year, if money matters go straight, we 'll be think us o' plum-pudding."

Well, 't was a week or so 'fore Christmas when this speech came to pass. An' naught more was spoke on that certain matter, yet I

might see vexation vastly working, no less. Howsoever, I 'd no notion o' giving in, for Thomas Muffet was never the man to say one thing to-day an' do straight contrariwise to-morrow. When Christmas day drew nigh an' nigher, the townsfolk began to drop into our shop right often for this, that, an' t' other small thing, for Christmas gifts; an' then I did bethink me, with the silver coming in, how I might ha' spared a little o' it, after all. Still, your fine Lord Pride hath a mighty stiff back, and I did never speak; as for the children, they durst not say a word for all thinking none too tenderly of me, I reckon. There was Jack, the eldest, he 'd always a stiffish will o' his own, an' likewise a sharp-planning head, had Jack. There was he,—a matter of 'leven year old, if I do remember rightly,—looking sulky as any bear. Now Tony, for all he was sweeter-natured, would always be following Jack's lead, through thick or thin, an' there was he also, sour-faced as you please. Then the eldest little girl, Peggy, 't was she that made me maddest of any, with the corners of her little rosy mouth turned down so mournfully, an' the water in her eyes evermore ready to trickle. I did thank my stars that Joyce, the littlest,—she that was our pretty one,—was too young to be knowing or caring much concerning it. Well, it vexed my heart an' mind a vast deal more than they gave me credit for, mayhap, only I kept on a-thinking how well I 'd taken care of 'em lifelong. "What! shall I give to folly," saith I to myself, "what will be needed 'fore long for common living comfort? Nay, not so whilst I keep my head properly on my shoulders."

An' thus it passed on both sides till Christmas eve came round.

'T was a perishing time o' frost that even, as I mind well to this day, with a gray sky an' the ground like iron for hardness. "'T is a cold season," folks would be saying one to another; yet none the less they did seem uncommonly disposed to make it a warm festivity. In sooth, 't was as if everybody i' the town had laid heads together to make me feel knavish an' stingy; for such a-going to market that morn, such clouds of smoke a-pouring from every chimney, I never did see the like afore.



"THERE STOOD I, FACE TO FACE WITH 'EM, THE BASKET IN MY HAND." (SEE PAGE 244.)

We'd the same as common on our table, an' that was good enow, to be sure, or would ha' been with cheerfuller looks to grace it, an' fewer frowns. Nobody in Wyanoke had better eating year in and out than we; yet some way, I know not why, the virtualls tasted none so good that day. Still, I never let it out I thought so, an' that way it went till nine o'clock came an' we all betook us bedward.

Now, I'm a sound sleeper in ordinary as any in this mortal world, aye, an' that from the minute my head touches the pillow; only that night, goodness knoweth why, it did seem a mighty long while 'fore I even so much as dozed. Then, when I did go off, 't was dream, dream, dream! An' first I must needs go dreaming that all the children were lost, an' we so distressful a-seeking 'em up an' down. Then, lo! we were all sitting round the bare table, not a sign o' virtuall upon it, with Patsey an' the young ones a-weeping for very hunger, the tears a-rolling down. Now, as 't were, I was in the church, an' parson preaching loud as thunder-sound from this text-verse, namely, "The man that careth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." Plain as ye please I did hear every word, an' straight he looked at me. Then, next whip-stitch, there was I clapt in the stocks, with all our townsfolk jeering. An' when it fetched to this pass I woke right up, wide awake as I am now.

Well, well! How long I'd been asleep I know not. And I was glad enow to wake, since truly that sleeping had been none so pleasurable; an' there I lay, staring straight afore me i' the dark, till all on a sudden what did I see but a light shining thro' the keyhole from the kitchen.

Now, thinks I to myself, "'T is a mighty queer thing, that light. Is 't somebody robbing," thinks I, lightning-quick, on a sudden, "or is 't the house afire?" Howsoever, there was the light, sure enough; up I got an' partly drest me, in a monstrous hurry. Then I went to the door and I looked through the keyhole, an' when I saw what was on t' other side—well, I like to ha' dropped.

There was the fire I'd covered up so snug all raked open an' builded up with wood into a blaze—aye, even flaming up the chimney like

mad; an' there was the bake-stone down a-heating, an' the Dutch oven, too, no less, with coals at top an' bottom; an', moreover, there was my Patsey herself,—she that was my wedded wife, an' promist to obey me, Thomas Muffet,—there was that woman, up an' drest, a-standing by the table making cakes, an' it the dead hour o' the night!

Well, I thought I should ha' dropt (as I spoke afore) to see such goings on. "Oh, the naughty deceit an' the misbehavingness of women!" thinketh I to myself; and, in truth, that sight did make me pretty mad. "Zounds!" quoth I, "shall I be so disobeyed in mine own house?" My hand was on the door to open it, when I looked through the keyhole once more, an' what saw I then but the tears trickling down that poor soul's cheeks!

Then saith I to myself, "Thou 'rt but a sorry husband an' father. Have a care, now; thou 'st gone a bit too far. 'T is for the children she's a-doing it. Here will be all thy neighbors, high and low," quoth I, "a-feasting finely in due season, and all thy poor household, with the smell on 't fairly in their nostrils, sitting down to a common, every-day dinner. Shame on thy savingness, Thomas Muffet," saith I. "Thank Heaven! 't is not too late for thee to mend this mischief."

Well, I did not ope the door, neighbors, nor neither did I strike a light; for my main object then was to get softly out o' the house without being seen or heard. I found my shoes an' the rest o' my clothes, an' drest me, top to toe. Now, on one side of this, our biggest bedroom, was the lads' sleeping-chamber, and on t' other side was the little daughters'. An' first I opened one door softly, then the other; upon which, seeing all was dark an' still, I said, "They are sleeping sound i' their little beds." And it pleased me vastly to think how that they might wake up a bit happier than when they fell to sleep.

So at last I got me out into the street by an outer door that did open well away from the kitchen. 'T was perishing cold, and I buttoned my coat round me good and tight, an' just as I set off a-down street, as I do remember well, the town clock struck eleven. So 't was not so late as I had counted on; also

I noted, as I went along, how scarcely a house did one see without a light burning inside. Also a-many sounds of talking an' laughing came to mine ears, with folks still a-meeting an' passing i' the street; an', lo! as I did pass, I could hear, 'way off a-down a cross-street,

some voices as of young children so sweetly singing a Christmas hymn.

Now, well I did know that tune, for 't was, to be sure, one mine own young ones were mighty fond of singing. Also I catched a few o' the words, namely, these:

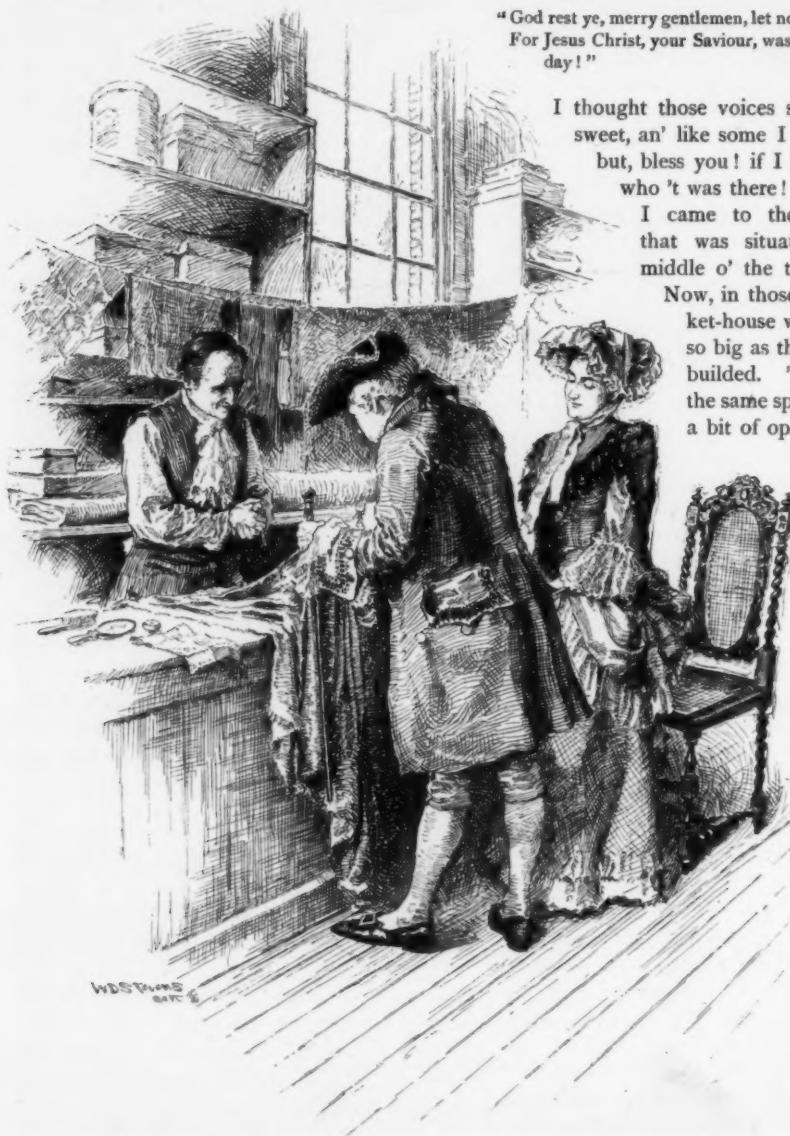
"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas
day!"

I thought those voices sounded mighty sweet, an' like some I 'd heard afore, but, bless you! if I 'd once guessed who 't was there! I went on till

I came to the market-place, that was situate right i' the middle o' the town.

Now, in those days our market-house was nothing like so big as the new one later builded. 'T was situate in the same spot, and as pretty a bit of open green that is

for a warm weather fairing, according to my opinion, as any in this land. Still was it big enough, that old market-house, for a deal of buying an' selling of rare good market stuffs inside as any ye 'll find to-day in all Virginia. I was a pretty late comer, that night; yet, by my good fortune, the doors were still open an'



"WHEN CHRISTMAS DAY DREW NIGH, THE TOWNSFOLK BEGAN TO DROP INTO OUR SHOP."

lights not out. So in I walked, without pausing for a moment.

Now, not a many people were there left by that while besides the market-folk, so busily a-counting of their gains, an' such few outsiders as still remained were close up round the big fireplace in talk together. An' my hands being right stiff with the cold, an' thinking to supple 'em out a bit, I went close up to the coals in one corner; yet it chanced that my face was in shade, for my hat I'd pulled down low an' my collar high up—nor did anybody know that 't was Thomas Muffet.

Well, the talk at first was to me as a buzz, commingled of this, that, an' t' other word that did chance to catch my hearing. So there was I, a-rubbing my fingers an' thinking mine own inside thoughts, when presently this speech did fall upon mine ear :

"Thomas Muffet!" quoth one,—an' one that I did know well, too—"Thomas Muffet! Ah-ha! I do know him for a close man. He will flay you a gnat for its skin and its tallow—an' that 's truth!"

Faith! I could not fetch breath to deny it, e'en if I would—I was that struck dumb.

So there sat I a-listening, saying not a word contrariwise whilst two or three of 'em went on to take away my character. "Aye," said one, "Thomas Muffet was a stingy one, and no mistaking. Money-getting and money-saving would be all his aim." "As for his wife, Mistress Muffet," quoth another, "she was a good, unhappy creature that hardly durst call her soul her own, for all one o' the best women in this 'versal world." "As for the children," said these blessed wiseacres, "they would be kept close enough so long as Thomas Muffet might 'complish it, no doubt; howsoever, if they mistook not, yon lad Jack was like enough to find a career o' his own."

Well-a-day! There I sat, hearing all and answering nothing. Truly, I was took aback, an' mad, too (as was but natural heart o' flesh), yet not so mad as I might ha' been several hours afore. Ye see, I'd had a sore prick i' the conscience a-ready, an' now, lo! I fell to wondering within me, on a sudden, how much truth was mixt with falsehood in that speech. "Aye, think well upon 't, Thomas," saith I to myself;

"and if a fourth of this be true, or a tenth, or a twentieth, 't will be best to mend your ways." An' just as I so bethought me, even 'fore they had left off speaking, there came a sound of music to the door, and in did come those very Christmas singers I'd heard some while before.

Then everybody but me got up an' crowded round about 'em to list the song. Now, the singers I could not very well see. They did seem two lads and a little maid, well wrapt in cloaks (for the cold), an' the former with their caps pulled low over brows, an' the maid hooded close. Also, they hushed a while (being got within), it seemed to me shamefacedly; yet they came not anigh the fire. An' when the people all clapt hands for 'em to begin, they struck up the same old heartsome tune that I'd heard 'em at afore.

Now, here is the first verse, as may happen ye know a-ready :

"God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn brake red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone thro' the gray,
When Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day!"

Well, by time they'd done that first verse the water stood in mine eyes, whilst as for t' other folk, they did clap hands so long an' loud that 't was some while 'fore the next verse got started. Surely, no sweeter voices were ever heard a-sounding this side o' heaven, an' surely, surely (thinketh I to myself), I've heard 'em oft before.

Then presently they went on :

"God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright!
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, did come this blessed night.
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day!"

Now, they be gladsome rhymes, too, an' most seasonable; yet is the last verse, to my notion, the prettiest one of all, an' to it everybody i' that market-house was fairly beating time.

"God rest ye, all good Christians! upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born.

Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins doth take away.

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day!"

Now, when 't was ended and "Amen" said, the noise began again, an' presently one cried out loud, saying, "Thy cap, lad! Hold thy cap!" whereupon I saw the tallest youngster lay hand on 's cap, an' half-way lift it from his head — only half-way, mind you, for he jammed it back again right quickly, like he thought, on a sudden, of a good reason for keeping it there. Then saith he to a market-woman standing there hard by, "Good dame" (quoth he), "please, good dame, will you lend me your hat?" which hearing, she kindly offered it straightway (I mind it well for a rusty old pointed-top beaver), an' that was the hat he handed round.

Now, I 'd seen, first glance, when he lifted that cap, how 't was my lad Jack; and if I was 'mazed afore such seeing, I was worse in 'mazement afterward. To think o' their being my own children,—Thomas Muffet's children,—so parading the streets! an' the little maid Peggy, too, with their mother at home knowing on more concerning it (for truly she did not know) than I myself had suspicioned what time I started out; and all because I had denied 'em their natural merry Christmas at home. Now, I 'll freely confess that I like money well as the most o' folks, yet if 't was not sorely 'gainst my grain then to see that silver fall into the hat, an' Jack Muffet a-holding it out — why, my name 's not Thomas Muffet! Howsoever, I was past both speech an' motion, an' there I sat by the fire, a-gazing like any ninny. Nobody save myself did seem to know the lad; an' that was one thing to be thankful for. Neither did he see me. Some more carols they sang,—goodness knoweth what! for they were all as one to me,—and a pretty sum they got for all together. I was thankful enow they did not fall to spending on 't there in that place, 'fore my eyes; an' presently off they went with those last loiterers behind 'em, an' left me alone with the market-folk.

Well, afterwhile I marked those people (that were now a-shutting up shop, as 't were) looking at me mighty curiously, an' then at last I

did get up with legs so stiff an' fairly a-tremble under me. What things I did buy of them I do not now rightly remember. In sooth, their wares were by that while pretty well picked o'er, yet we made out enough o' the very best to serve my turn. First thing I did buy was a basket; for I had fetched none with me thither; then, concerning what I got to put within the said basket (and a right big one it was), let 's see. Aye, aye; let 's see. Was 't a goose? Aye, 't was so; I am 'most certain—a fine, fat goose; then (if my memory goeth not astray) 't was a pair of fine ducks, and a pretty bit o' beef; for bacon we had at home—the best Virginia-cured; then 't was nuts an' raisins an' comfits next, with what not o' that sort. I mind well some sugar-work, most cunningly devised an' colored, after the French fashion, in shape of divers fruits, as cherries, apples, pears, and so on, to please the two little maids.

So was the basket filled by time my purse would be well-nigh empty, an' so off I started, totting it along home.

Now, 't was midnight hour by that, mighty keen an' cold, with the snowflakes 'ginning to fall; yet some way my heart did feel a vast deal warmer than at twelve o' the clock that former day. I saw no more of those blessed children, nor neither heard, till I got safe home to my house; then, lo! as I fetched up close on t' other side, I spied 'em there, dim through the dark an' the snow a-falling, on the kitchen door-step. An' they did not see me, neither did I let on that I saw them. Nay; I oped my door softly, an' went in through the bedroom; then I oped t' other door into the kitchen, an' just as those blessed rogues did step in 'cross the threshold, there stood I, face to face with 'em, the basket in my hand.

Well, masters! If you could ha' seen my Patsey's face, I reck' you 'd ha' laughed, or maybe cried—no telling which.

"Thomas!" quoth she; no more nor less. "Thomas!" quoth she; an' so she stood a-gazing.

Concerning all that was said an' done that time I 've no need to go a-telling it. And of reproving those young ones (who had so stolen out o' their beds to go a-wandering in the streets), I fear me I made a sorry excuse at that business. As for the silver they 'd so in-

taken, I made 'em give the last penny on 't to some certain poor neighbors; yet verily I must needs acknowledge this seemed unto the young rogues more pleasure than punishment.

woman for housewifery an' makin' the best o' things I never did see. Now, there had she made pies; there had she baked sweet cakes; just a-working with common wherewithal and

in that make-a-shift way. There had she shaped of that cake-dough divers curious figures (to please the little maids, belike), as birds' nests with eggs inside 'em, hearts an' darts, anchors — aye, even lions an' tigers an' human creatures. 'T was a right curious show to look at, besides no little help to next day's feast. I think we had as good a dinner that Christmas day as any of our neighbors; an', sooth to say, all went well, for the parson preached a comforting sermon from the text, "Peace on earth, good will to man," an' whene'er he chanced to look at me I felt I 'd no cause to take shame.

ounds! how the children did sing in church that morn! I never did hear the like, nor neither did know before that time what proper sweet voices the good Lord had given 'em. So 't was a right merry Christmas, after all.



"THE SINGERS I COULD NOT VERY WELL SEE."

Now, as to those things my Patsey had been there a-making and a-baking, 't was a right surprisin' sight to behold. The like o' that

nor neither did know before that time what proper sweet voices the good Lord had given 'em.

So 't was a right merry Christmas, after all.

A DARK MORNING.

If Christmas morning could —
Or if Christmas morning should —
Find for you an empty stocking,
Would n't that be very shocking?

Ethel H. Staples.

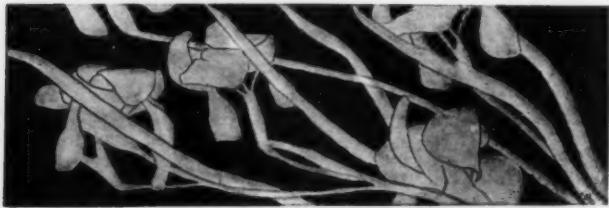


THE ·DANCING· CLASS·

By Harriet Brewer Sterling.

V.

When brother plays the violin,
Wee Tom begins to prance;
And to and fro, and in and out,
He leads us in the dance.
Now right foot back; now left foot out;
And now go down the middle.
A jolly dancing class we have,
When brother plays the fiddle!





PROFESSOR ROOSTER'S CROWING SCHOOL.

POINTS OF VIEW.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

WHEN beat of drums and tramp of feet
With crowds of people fill the street,
Oh, how they run and push and cry
As the procession passes by!
Bob hears the bands of music play,
And sees some bayonets move away;
But, though he stands on tiptoe tall,
The people make a solid wall.

He hears their shout, and knows *they've*
seen,
But tries in vain to peek between.
They stand too tall and close, and so
He cannot see the soldiers go.
The men forget, in all the noise,
That once they too were little boys.
Bob wonders how it feels to be
Just big and tall enough to see.

But sometimes when the grown-ups come
To see his playhouse here at home,
And when he tries so hard to show
The things he likes the best, you know,—
The truly things one has to "play,"—
They only look around and say:
"I can't see any castle there!"
Or, "Where 's the princess?" "How?"
and "Where?"

Oh, does it not seem very queer?—
For he can see them plainly here.
But people who could view so well
The big procession, and could tell
The very shoes the soldiers wore,
Can't see things on the nursery floor!
Bob wonders how it feels to be
Too big and tall and old to see.



FATHER.

BY MAUD KEARY.

OUT in the morning father goes,
Whether it storms with rain or snows,
Whether the wild wind rests or blows.

By the fire sit mother and I,
Doing our lessons quietly.

Back in the twilight father comes,
When I 've finished with books and sums.
Not all the noise of all the drums
Is a jollier noise, I know,
Than father when he says, " Hallo ! "

INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKET-BALL FOR WOMEN.

BY ANITA L. CORBERT.

It is now generally conceded that the "sound body, sound mind" theory is as applicable to girls as to boys, and, therefore, all that is said from time to time of the benefits of athletics among college boys may be said with equal vigor of the advantages of suitable athletics among college girls.

For a long time college girls were debarred from the pleasures and advantages that come from the active outdoor sports indulged in by their brother students. To be sure, they had tennis and golf, but while these are very good exercise as far as they go, a boy would consider them a poor substitute for football and baseball and rowing, for these permit of team-play in combination with individual exercise.

In some of our woman's colleges, athletics have already become a strong feature in the life of the students. Wellesley has taken the lead in spirited inter-class rowing contests, and is proud of her strong crew. Other colleges also pay considerable attention to rowing, but basket-ball is fast becoming the most widely popular sport. While it was originally intended

for men, it is well suited to women. It demands no special apparatus, and may be played wherever a group of girls can be gathered.

But anything taken up in a merely desultory way loses much of its power for good. The game of basket-ball can be made scientific, and being in every way adapted to their needs, it ought to fill for girls the place that football holds with boys.

Nothing but match games can bring out the strong points in a sport. The moral and intellectual value of a game can appear only when there is some real contest at hand. It is then that one learns self-control, generosity toward an opponent, respect for authority, and—for women the most important lesson of all—the value of organization, of working together as a unit: Each one for the team. Class spirit can never equal the intensity or the unselfishness of college spirit, and therefore the best way to give any college game the earnestness which brings it to its best development is to put men or women on their mettle through inter-collegiate rivalry.

In the far West, in the spring of 1896, was played the first intercollegiate game of basket-ball between women. It was an experiment. Men meet their opponents on the athletic field as gentlemen. Would women meet as gentlewomen? The players themselves knew that they would, and they meant to demonstrate the fact to some doubters. The opposing teams were from Stanford University and the University of California. Perhaps these young women were at an advantage because, coming from coeducational institutions, they had before them the standard of etiquette set by their football-playing brothers, in which they were determined not to be found wanting. They did not have to form a code of honor for themselves by the slow process of experiment.

The game was played in San Francisco, on neutral ground. It was played within doors, and before an audience of women only. About a thousand spectators witnessed the game. Every one of them was wildly enthusiastic, and they made the walls ring with college cries and cheers, with shouts of victory or groans of defeat. A main matter with both teams was



A PLAYER PASSING THE BALL TO ANOTHER ON THE RUN.

the playing of a good, hearty, straightforward game. They played strictly by the rules, and had — what is seldom found

even at a football game — a thoroughly capable, energetic, and impartial umpire and referee. While there was plenty of dash and snap, it is needless to say that there was no unnecessary



THE REGULATION COSTUME.

sium. Every year the ground is harrowed and rolled and put in shape for playing. During the season, field practice is held every afternoon at four o'clock, unless the ground be very muddy from recent rains. Fifteen minutes' exercise in the gymnasium—generally some light work at chest-weights and a quick run—is the rule before the order is given to play ball. Then the captain, the very jolliest, most "all-round" girl in college, keen, alert, supple, and quick of motion, tucks the big ball under her arm, and a moment later eighteen extremely wide-awake, brisk-looking girls are lined up in position on the field.

Only nine players are required for a side, but a chance is always given to every player who appears on the field to play on one side or the other during the practice. All new candidates are placed on the "scrub" team, or it must be caught by one of second nine, and great is the competition for the centers. The center places on the "Varsity." The coach is generally the gymnasium instructor, and the

roughness. awarding of positions upon the team lies with The game him and the captain.

was a good exhibition of scientific basket-ball, and was the result of conscientious training on the part of both teams.

At Stanford University, of which the writer is particularly qualified to speak, the girls play on a large field near the gymna-

roughness. awarding of positions upon the team lies with The game him and the captain.

The uniform consists of red jerseys and dark blue or black bloomers. As basket-ball at this university has been placed on an equal rank with football, the members of a basket-ball team playing in an intercollegiate contest are entitled to wear the regulation Varsity sweater, and the girls will go through any amount of hard work to win this much-coveted distinction.

Inter-class games always bring out a large number of spectators. The girls who do not

care to indulge in athletics themselves come out to cheer their class on to victory, and their enthusiasm is unbounded. It is a good-natured crowd. The girls forget to be stiff and ceremonious toward one another, and a general spirit of good fellowship prevails.

Although it takes much practice to become a skilful basket-ball player, the points of the game are simple and easily learned.

At each end of the field is a goal—a basket made of cord netting, eighteen inches in diameter, and suspended from a pole ten feet high. In the center of the field are three players from each side, who are known as the "centers." The ball is put in play by being thrown in by the referee, who stands on the outer edge of the field, and



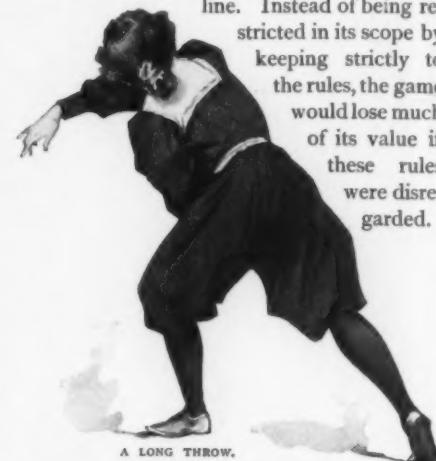
ONE OF THE "HOMES" TOSSING THE BALL INTO THE BASKET.



being interfered with by the opposing centers, to her "homes," two of whom occupy positions between the goal and the center, while the third stands directly under the basket. It is the latter's sole duty to toss the ball into the basket when it has been passed to her by the other homes, although these are not prohibited from trying for goal when they have a good chance. The homes are opposed by three "guards," who attempt to prevent a goal, and who try to send the ball, as soon as they can get it, toward their own goal at the other end of the field.

Although the game is vigorous, it is not necessarily rough. Strict adherence to the rules prevents the roughness and dangers of football. There is no tackling, because a player is not allowed to run with the ball. It must be thrown from the spot where it is caught. Holding the ball longer than five seconds is counted a foul. A player may get the ball from an opponent by batting it with the palms of her hands, but she may not snatch or pull it away. The person of a player must not be touched intentionally. This rule includes all shouldering,

pushing, and holding. Violations of these more important rules constitute fouls, and a foul gives the opposing side a free throw for goal from the fifteen-foot line. Instead of being restricted in its scope by keeping strictly to the rules, the game would lose much of its value if these rules were disregarded.



A LONG THROW.

Considerable science may be shown in a game of basket-ball, and pretty and effective passes can be made by good teamwork. The ability to deceive the opponents as to the direction of the passes, quickness and sureness in throwing, speed in getting from one point on the field to another ahead of an opponent, good jumping and good catching, are the qualities that make a winning team.

As a rule, no player is equally well fitted for all positions. A guard, for instance, would rarely make a good center. The prime requisites for a center are agility and speed, while a guard, on the contrary, has little running to do. The guards are also usually stronger and heavier than the cen-



"BATTING" THE BALL FROM AN OPPONENT.



IN THE FIELD. THE GAME IN PROGRESS.

ters, who are small and light. Perhaps there is no position so difficult as that held by the "center home." Her work is no easy matter, for she is under the "eternal vigilance" of the three sturdy guards, who attempt to thwart her throws at every turn. Above all, she must be cool-headed, quick to think, and quick to act. She must also have an accurate aim; but this will avail her nothing unless she is cool enough and quick enough to outplay the guards.

It is a pretty sight when the big ball, propelled by a quick, graceful movement of the arm and body, soars into the air, balances for a second tantalizingly on the edge of the basket, and then bounds off among the eager, up-stretched hands below, to be pounced upon

necessarily so; it may be played on any large field or playground. If the regulation basket is not to be had, the ingenious girl will put common netting around a hoop, and set up her own basket. Even a bushel-basket has been used.

Since physical training is fast coming to be recognized as a most important factor in a woman's education, the need of athletic sports suitable for women will be felt more and more. Basketball seems destined to fill this want, for wherever it has been played, in school or college, it has proved itself both popular and desirable. It may be said, further, that it has a great advantage over other games that have been introduced, in that it always creates and maintains a high degree of interest and enthusiasm.

by some lively guard and again sent whirling and bouncing up and down the field.

Preparatory-school basket-ball is a great stimulus to the college game. Indeed, the lack of physical training in the earlier schools must always be a great drawback to woman's athletics in college. Although many of the schools have not the necessary equipment for a gymnastic training, there is no reason why basket-ball may not be played by them, for it is a game quite independent of a gymnasium. Intended originally as an indoor game, it is not

CUPID AND SANTA CLAUS.

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



WHERE Christmas moonlight on the fields
 lay sleeping,
And brooks lay hushed, below,
Belated Cupid wearily came creeping
 Across the hills of snow.

The way was long. He paused and
 watched the twinkle
 Of fair star citadels;
Then, suddenly, he heard the far-off tinkle
 Of swift-approaching bells.

Behind a wall he hid himself, and waited
 Until he saw it was
An old acquaintance, like himself belated—
 The good Saint Nicholas.

And stepping forth, "Now whither art thou
 going,"
The little fellow cried,
"Friend Santa, all so late in thy bestowing?
I pr'ythee, let me ride."

"Ho, Cupid!" cried the Saint, "what brings
thee hither
Along this toilsome way?
Jump in, my boy, and tell me why and
whither.
'T is almost break of day!"

Then, chatting cozily, the friends went skim-
ming

Westward, as night had gone,
Behind them in the east the stars
were dimming
Beneath the veil of dawn,—

Till up before a massive outer gateway
Their flying coursers drew;
"Ah, ha! the very place," quoth Cupid,
straightway,
"That I was coming to!"

And from the cushioned cutter' lightly
leaping,
Without a glance behind,
From door to window-sill the boy went
creeping,
An entrance-way to find.

But all were locked and barred—he could
not enter;
No latch unloosed its string;
And Cupid faced the morning airs of
winter,
Forlorn and shivering.

Nicholas more leisurely selected
A sparkling gift or two,
Ascended to the roof, and, well pro-
tected,
Dropped lightly down the flue.

And where there shimmered like a
priceless billow
A mass of golden hair
Across the whiteness of a maiden's
pillow,
He laid his tribute there.

Then, smiling, turned with saintly self-efface-
ment,
And flung the window wide;
And morning shed its glory round the
casement
As Cupid stepped inside.



AN UNFORTUNATE CALLER



Alice Rawling
Went a - calling
On some friends
Both tried and true,
But she couldn't
Reach the door-bell,
And her kind friends
Never knew.

Then she visited
Some neighbors;
But she took them
Unawares.
They looked at her,
From the window,
But they wouldn't
Come down-stairs

BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

We have received letters cordially approving the plan of publishing in this department lists of books for young readers. We quote from this correspondence.

This comes from Chicago:

I am exceedingly glad that you have undertaken the work of recommending books for young people.

Here is an interesting letter from a mother:

THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I am much interested in the new department in ST. NICHOLAS, which I am sure will be a help to all the mothers and children who read it. In reading to and with my own children I have tried to help them to a rounded mental development, as well as to a love for the best books and things; so the mental bill of fare has contained books on history and science, books of imagination, the myths and folk-lore of the nations, and stories of many kinds, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as well as books of adventure and daring.

The younger of the children, a girl of nine years and two months, recently made out the following list of her ten favorite books. She did it quite alone; but she made so many changes in the last half-dozen of the books, and was so dissatisfied with this final list because "it left out some of the very nicest ones," that I am not sure it is her list of favorites, after all. She remembered them in the order preferred:

1. Adventures of Robin Hood, Pyle.
2. Adventures of a Brownie, Muloch.
3. Farthest North, Nansen.
4. Ivanhoe, Scott.
5. Little Women, Alcott.
6. Uncle Remus, Harris.
7. Beautiful Joe, Saunders.
8. The Jungle Books, Kipling.
9. Prince and the Pauper, Mark Twain.
10. Open Sesame (Vols. I., II.).

Some of the books which she was very unwilling to leave out were "Black Beauty," "The Man who Married the Moon," "Treasure Island," and "Eye Spy."

The boy, aged eleven years and one month, made his list as follows, without change or correction:

1. Farthest North, Nansen.
2. The Boy's King Arthur, Edited by Lanier.
3. Tent Life in Siberia, Kennan.
4. Ivanhoe, Scott.
5. The William Henry Letters, Diaz.

6. Eye Spy, Gibson.
7. Jungle Books, Kipling.
8. Through Magic Glasses, Buckley.
9. Tales of a Grandfather, Scott.
10. Hero Tales from American History, Roosevelt and Lodge.

As to why they like the books, that is more difficult to get at. The little girl likes them "because they are so interesting," or "so funny," or "such a nice story." The boy likes Nansen's book "because it is the most interesting thing I ever read, and because he is brave, and makes light of things." He likes "King Arthur" "because it is funny and brave and noble," and "Tent Life" "because it sounds like just what it is—a true story, and not any old made-up tale." The "William Henry Letters" are "so funny," and "Through Magic Glasses" has "such interesting astronomy."

These children are, I think, normally intelligent, healthy, and fun-loving. They are by no means unduly fond of books, and dolls and football rival Robin Hood's and Nansen's adventures. The boy reads all the books in his list to himself with pleasure; but the most of those in the girl's list are as yet read to her. Of course ST. NICHOLAS is, and always has been, a prime favorite with both. I am anxious to see the lists of other children of the same age, in order to have some sort of gage by which to measure in these children the development of the love of good reading.

Sincerely,
H—

A New Jersey correspondent writes:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having read your offer to tell people of good books to read, I am writing you for that purpose.

I have read nearly all of the children's books, and have also been reading books by the "Duchess" and by Rider Haggard.

My mother wishes me to read books from which I will learn something; but I do not care to read books that are like my lessons. Will you kindly tell me which are the best authors for a girl of fifteen to read?

Yours sincerely,
HELEN S. R.—

A friend to whom this letter was shown made up the following short list, among which there may be some useful to the young inquirer. Who will send other suggestions?

The Abbot, Scott.
The Talisman, Scott.

The Caged Lion, Yonge.
 The Daisy Chain, Yonge.
 The Chaplet of Pearls, Yonge.
 Pillars of the House, Yonge.
 Six to Sixteen, Yonge.
 Daddy Darwin's Dovecote, Ewing.
 Mary's Meadow, Ewing.
 We Girls, Whitney.
 The Other Girls, Whitney.
 Ten Times One is Ten, Hale.
 Rudder Grange, Stockton.
 The Colonel's Opera Cloak, Brush.
 Inside Our Gate, Brush.
 Cherry and Violet, Manning.
 Hans Brinker, Dodge.
 What Katy Did, "Coolidge."
 What Katy Did at School, "Coolidge,"
 Queen of the Pirate Isle, Harte.

And, to add a few books that are perhaps for older readers :

Off the Skellings, Ingelow.
 Shirley, Brontë.
 Villette, Brontë.
 Lorna Doone, Blackmore.
 Cranford, Gaskell.

Another friend adds some books for boys, saying that girls like their brothers' books :

Cruise of the "Ghost," Alden.
 Cast up by the Sea, Baker.
 Hoosier School-boy, Eggleston.
 Uncle Remus, Harris.
 A Boy's Town, Howells.
 Jackanapes, Ewing.
 Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.
 Men of Iron, Pyle.
 Master Skylark, Bennett.
 Phaeton Rogers, Johnson.
 A Jolly Fellowship, Stockton.
 Three Boys on an Electrical Boat, Trowbridge.

These lists include only fiction and do not mention the very best known, since these will be remembered without suggestion.

Surely there must have been a time when all story-books were really for grown-ups. This suggests the interesting question, What was the first story-book published for children? Who can throw light on this dark subject?

A correspondent asks for a "short list of books suitable to place in an orphans' home."

We shall be glad if some correspondent will furnish a list for children under fourteen.

It is likely that neither Homer, Æsop, nor Epictetus wrote out the works that gave them fame. Are there other authors whose books were at first handed down by word of mouth?

Lizette Woodworth Reese, an author known to many ST. NICHOLAS readers, writes in the "Independent":

There is a good deal of poetic literature that can be put at the service of the child. Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song," "Santa Filomena" (though a little too long); Browning's noble song from "Pippa Passes," —

God 's in his heaven,
All 's right with the world;

his "How We Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent"; Leigh Hunt's "Abou ben Adhem"; "The Deserted Village" (which is good to read aloud); Boker's "Dirge for a Soldier." No boy that is worth the name but will rouse at the bugle notes of "Marmion"; Macaulay's Roman ballads will start him to soldiering. . . .

It is its illusive quality that makes one of the chief charms of poetry. Suppose a word or two is lost to a child. Over-explanation serves to cheapen. Suppose he only recalls the poem as a strain of music. He is the wealthier by one more mystery. I see no reason why children brought up to the best literature should not in some measure appropriate it to themselves. They will have noble ideas, and these will prepare the way for a noble vocabulary.

A book-lover says that new books should, the first time, be opened very carefully. He advises that the book should be held upright between the hands, while the back lies flat on a table. Then open down the front cover and back cover, holding all the leaves together. Then open a few pages at the front, then at the back, and so on until the pages have been brought down upon the covers, a few at a time. A book so treated will never have a "broken back," and will last indefinitely.

In taking a book from the shelves, do not hook a finger over the top of the binding and upset it. Push inward the book at each side, and then grasp the desired volume at the sides, and draw it out respectfully.





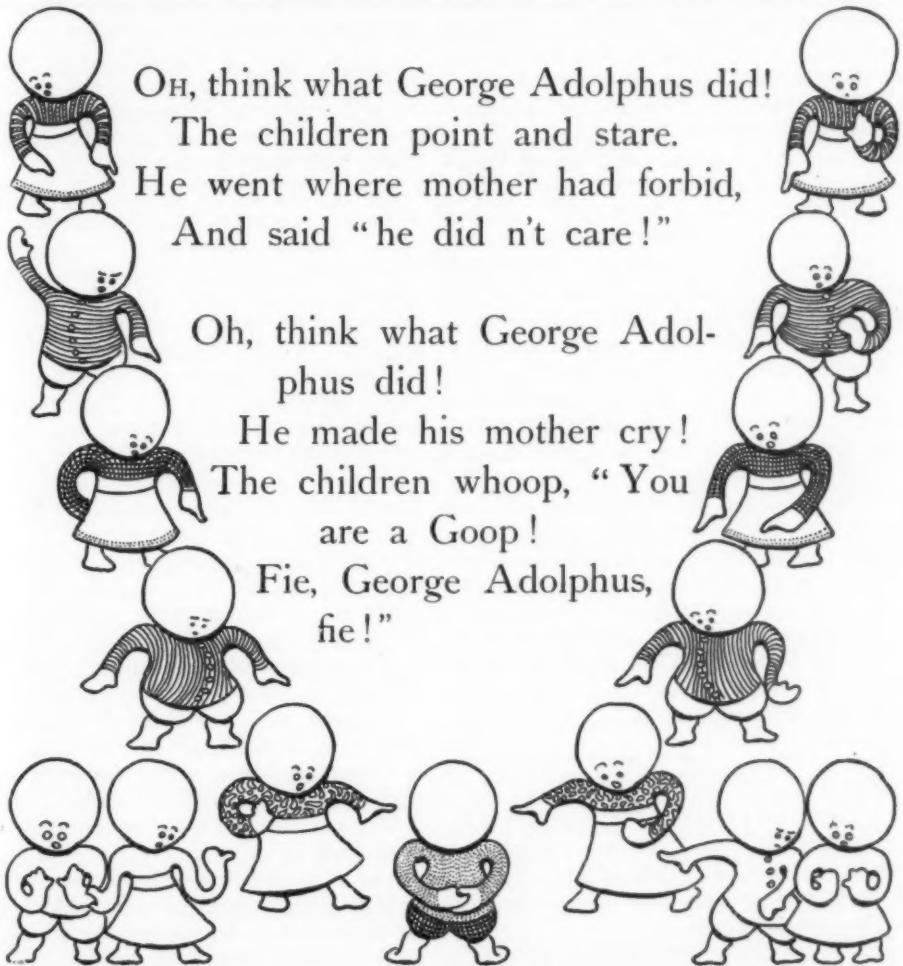
GEORGE ADOLPHUS

Oh, think what George Adolphus did!
The children point and stare.
He went where mother had forbid,
And said "he did n't care!"

Oh, think what George Adolphus did!

He made his mother cry!
The children whoop, "You
are a Goop!"

Fie, George Adolphus,
fie!"



CURRENT EVENTS.

THE BRITISH AGAIN CONTROL THE SOUDAN.

At last the death of brave Chinese Gordon is avenged, and the cruel tyranny of the "Mahdi" is broken. Punishment of the Arabs was long in coming; but if the English are slow, they are also thorough. We may believe that Mahdism has passed away forever.

The testimony of a witness and victim, who finally escaped,—Slatin Pasha,—gives a picture of the horrors of the Mahdist rule that chills the blood. Such wanton cruelty, lawlessness, crime, and insanity is almost without parallel in history.

In contrast to this riot of misrule is the orderly advance of the victorious Egyptian army under the command of the "Sirdar" (which is the title of the first military officer in India and Egypt), Sir Herbert Kitchener. They pushed steadily forward, building a railroad as they went. This brought to them all necessary supplies and reinforcements. They met the Mahdists at Khalifa, a town which the Mahdi built opposite the ruined Khartum, where Gordon was slain. The English annihilated the Arab hordes, though the fanatics fought with their usual desperate courage.

This successful expedition has planted the seed from which may spring a splendid fruit. Before many of you who read this are far advanced in life, the Empire of Africa may take its place among the nations. The country is enormously rich, and under the fostering rule of Great Britain the whole region should advance toward civilization with a rapidity rivaling even American progress. H. W. P.

LIQUEFIED AIR.

ONE of the latest wonders of science is the production of what is called "liquefied air." This is a fluid, and when in repose it looks precisely like so much pure water, except that it has a slight blue tinge.

It is produced from ordinary air, which, by an ingenious apparatus, is subjected to an

immense pressure. It is then cooled, and after all the heat possible is extracted, the liquefied air pours from the pipe like a stream of water.

The temperature of this liquid is about 312° F. below zero. As this intensity of cold can scarcely be imagined, we may understand it better by learning that if the liquid air be poured upon a block of ice, it bubbles and flies off like water poured on a hot stove. This is because the ice is 344° hotter than the liquid air. Some of this fluid, poured into a glass, will begin to boil at once; and, not content with extracting heat from the atmosphere, also steals heat from the glass, which becomes coated with frost. When exposed to the atmosphere, the liquid air returns to its original vapor; so, to preserve it in a state of liquefaction, it must be carefully kept from all contact with anything having a higher degree of temperature.

This can be done, to a certain extent, by keeping it in cans wrapped in felt; but the evaporation only becomes slower—it cannot be stopped entirely. Some interesting experiments may be made with liquid air to prove the intensity of its coldness. Though it boils when poured into a glass, this does not mean that the air is hot like boiling water. On the contrary, it is still so cold that if a bit of meat or fruit be dipped into it for an instant, and then removed, the morsel will be found to be frozen so stiff and so brittle that it may be broken in pieces or ground to powder. A little alcohol poured into liquid air becomes frozen at once, and may be lifted out in a lump.

Of course, as the liquid air boils away, it returns to its original condition of ordinary air, and soon disappears. The expansion thus caused produces an immense force.

Eight hundred cubic feet of ordinary air, when compressed, yields only one cubic foot of liquid air; so if this is confined, and allowed to expand suddenly, it bursts its bonds with a force greater than that of gunpowder or any other explosive known to us at present

C. W.

THE LETTER-BOX.

A MISCHIEVOUS correspondent sends us the following amusing verses :

I have a little boy of six,
A dainty one and sweet;
He always at the table
Has been remarkably neat;

But now he sucks his fingers,
Is untidy with his soup;
And when I ask the reason,
He says he's "playing Goop."

M. C. S.—

(A long-time subscriber.)

We are in doubt whether to regard this touching poem as encouraging to the editor or alarming to the parents of our readers. But at least it goes to prove that the Goops are already a stimulating influence in the child-world. If it continues, who can say what the Goops may not accomplish?

THE recent birthday of ST. NICHOLAS, at the completion of its first quarter-century, brought a number of congratulatory letters. These are so cordial and kindly that we yield to the temptation of quoting from a few:

Having known you from the beginning up to the present day, I wish to tender my congratulations and good wishes. . . . While ST. NICHOLAS is a "joy forever," the "baby" is not here to enjoy it, and it is handed down to the next generation—the little granddaughter who is just the age her father was when ST. NICHOLAS was taken for him. . . . I cannot tell what pleasure and profit you have been to us all these twenty-five years. We have kept you, bound and unbound,—not one is missing,—and we have shared you with cousins and aunts and uncles. . . . My own humble opinion is that ST. NICHOLAS stands unrivaled and unequaled, and I hope it may last as long as there are people to read it.

With hearty congratulations, I am,
Faithfully yours, LAURA G. M.—.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When the postman handed me the November number this morning, and I slipped the cover off to see what interesting thing I should find within your pages to read, I noticed the first thing that this was your twenty-fifth birthday.

It is not so very long ago that I regarded twenty-five years as a great age for either a human being or a magazine, and yet I can very easily remember the very first ST. NICHOLAS that ever was, and how I took it into my hands and read it one winter day so many years ago. It does not seem so many years ago to look back upon; but it must be.

I was only a little fellow seven years old, but fond of reading; for I was sickly, and could not play with other boys. I was living in Providence, Rhode Island, then, and had a friend who was librarian at what seemed to me then the largest library in the world, on Eddy Street. Almost every afternoon, when I could get downtown, I was in the library, reading almost anything I could get hold of, and devouring the few papers for boys and girls which the library took. One afternoon, as I entered the library, my friend called to me: "Come here, Bertie"; and when I approached, she continued: "Here is a new magazine we are taking. It looks very nice." And she handed me the first number of ST. NICHOLAS.

I do not remember much about that first number, but I do remember the continued stories that I read through that year and the ones immediately following. There was one story about "Nimpo's Troubles" that I found very fascinating; another entitled, "What Might Have Been Expected," which I understood only in parts at that time, but which I have enjoyed since then. Then there came a story by dear old J. T. Trowbridge, about "Jack Hazard," with whom I had already become acquainted somewhere, and his friend's adventures in New York. I remember that a succeeding year finished "Jack Hazard" off as the "Young Surveyor," and that I mourned because there was no more of him, he having evidently grown up and become uninteresting!

Some time after that—my memory is a little misty as to the year—there was a California story, "The Boy Emigrants," which I read over and over, never expecting that I would be able sometime to visit the ground written about, where the boy emigrants carried on their search for gold. But I have done that very thing, and, reading over that book since I have lived in the State, I could almost point out the spots the boys of that story had used to pitch their tents.

But I could talk for hours about the stories that I have read in your dear pages. You have been a friend to me many a time, and to-day you are just as welcome, when you come every month, as you used to be in the days when I was wearing knickerbockers, and used to wish that vacations came oftener to interrupt my school-days.

I feel old to-night, as I sit here writing, and a boy of my own, older than I was when I first read you, sits on the other side of the room reading the story of "Chuggins" to his younger brother and some of the other boys who live with me. But they did not get hold of you until I had myself read about Chuggins, and "Margaret Clyde's Extra," and Jimpong, and until I had a glance at the story by my old friend Henty.

I am sorry that Trowbridge is not there this time; but, dear me! he has just finished a story, and it was as good as ever, and I ought to be glad to read new authors, I suppose, especially when they can write such stories as "Chuggins." I see the tears running down the cheeks of the little fellows as my boy reads about the soldier who lay with his mouth forming a hurrah, but a bullet-hole in his forehead, and their faces express strong approval of Master Chuggins's course in taking the rifle.

But I am talking too much. I only wanted to write once, since I have never before written to you, to congratulate you on your birthday, and to wish you many happy returns of the day, while I hope to see and read you as many years as I have already known and loved you.

Your affectionate reader,

A. H. H.—.

ST. NICHOLAS has been a visitor in my family for fourteen years, and I have sent it regularly to several families who have young children. I only wish I was able to place it in every household, as I consider it a genuine missionary. There is a bright young man in college to-day, in northern New York State, who received his first love for and interest in study, his first impetus toward an education, through reading ST. NICHOLAS, which I sent him until he had outgrown it, when I transferred it to a younger child.

HELEN A. W. C.—.

THE author of "Denise and Ned Toodles," writes:

From the unique cover of the November number we learn that congratulations are in order. Accept, I pray

you, our heartiest ones, and our warmest wishes for many prosperous years. I may say with propriety, I hope, that we are firmly convinced that ST. NICHOLAS has no rival. To big folk and little folk it is a source of unqualified delight, and ever since it first entered our home, twenty-two years ago, it has held a paramount place in our affections, for we look upon it as an old friend, and our little daughter now takes the same delight in its pages that her mother took "When Life was Young." Accept, my dear Mrs. Dodge, our heartiest good wishes and kindest regards. Very sincerely yours,

GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

IN the "Letter-box" of the December number there was a rhyme riddle which was so easy that it was not necessary to say that the answer is "pajamas."

BELLEVUE, ESCAMBIA COUNTY, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy aged ten. We went camping out on Escambia Bay, on a side-track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. We had a large piece of canvas fixed on the beach, and it was nice and cool under it. There were three hammocks, a table, and some chairs under it. I liked to go up in the woods, where there were plenty of wild flowers and ravines. We had a boat, and it was named after my little sister Mercedes. A man who took care of the lighthouse lived in a little house on the water. He had two boats which he used to go to the light in. There was a railroad-bridge across the bay, and a draw in the middle of it. Tugs pass through it which go to the mouth of the Escambia River, about ten miles up the bay, for lumber.

Your friend,
WILLIE SALTMARSH.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your readers may remember a play called "An Evening with Mother Hubbard," which appeared in your January number. If they do, it may interest them to know that it was played by a party of boys at Beverly this summer with great success. It was given for charity, and the money received was to be sent to the hospitals down South in order to help the wounded soldiers. Our Golf Club got up the entertainment. We had considerable difficulty in deciding what to play, as we did not wish a very long play; finally one of the boys proposed "An Evening with Mother Hubbard," and it proved to be just the thing!

I was fortunate enough to be one of the members who was elected to take part, and it was decided that I should appear as "Little Boy Blue."

All of us were obliged to provide our own costumes. Fortunately, I soon procured a suitable one; but the fellows who took the part of "Bo-peep," "Jill," etc., found some difficulty in procuring their costumes. We all learned our parts in an amazingly short time, and in two weeks everything was in readiness. The play was to be performed in our club-room, and only thirty-five people could look on, as the room could not, with the addition of the stage, hold more than that number of chairs conveniently.

All the seats were sold at seventy-five cents, and those in the front row went for a dollar. Every seat was taken, and the play was such a success that we played it the following week, once again with equal luck. After the acting we had tableaux, and many pieces by Virginia Woodward Cloud which have appeared in your numbers, as well as other poems, were spoken.

We received in all about fifty-five dollars from our

successful enterprise, which was more than half the amount which we had expected to raise altogether.

Believe me, ever AN INTERESTED READER.

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Milton is a very pretty place. I am a little American girl of eight years. I have taken you for two years, and like you very much. I was so sorry when "Denise and Ned Toodles" was ended. I have two sisters and two brothers. They are aged six, five, three, and two. We have over a hundred hens, and sometimes in the evenings we go with father and help him pick up the eggs.

We have a doll-house that has six rooms. They are kitchen, dining-room, parlor, nursery, and two bedrooms. I have just begun to have a stamp collection.

I remain your loving reader,
MARIAN S. WELD.

ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My best present last Christmas was a six months' volume of ST. NICK, and now I can't tell you what a pleasure it is for me to see you arrive every month, ready for a second volume. I am nine years old, and was born and always lived in Italy. This summer my parents and I stayed up in the Apennines at Vallombrosa, three thousand feet above sea-level, in the fir forests. The English poet, Milton, is said to have been up there in 1638, and mentions Vallombrosa in his poem, "Paradise Lost." We live in the country, with vineyards and olive-trees around us. Our house was built about 1600, and is called Meretto, which was the name of a town once standing on this hill in 1300. In those days the noblemen who lived here were truly robber chieftains, and used to watch for loaded mules coming up the valley to a distant monastery, and carry them off to their castles. These titled highwaymen were the terror of the valley. The great poet Dante was denied entrance to the castle (now a ruin) owned by this count, and it was a bitterly cold winter's night; so Dante, when he wrote his poem about the Inferno, put the count into it.

My pet dog is a Pomeranian, and always gives me his paw. The bull-terrier, "Punch," is very funny, and the white sheep-dog is very clever indeed.

Very soon the vintage begins, and then I go and help with my scissors, for knives spoil the bunches. I enjoy your riddles so much, and I guess quite a number of them. The stories I liked best are "With the Black Prince" and "Through the Earth"; also "Denise and Ned Toodles." I know the names of all the American battle-ships. About two miles off there is a place where the ancient Roman soldiers had their winter quarters, and in the fields are found now and then some Roman coins of the period 62 B.C. I would be so pleased if you were kind enough to like my letter.

Yours affectionately,
DINO SPRANGER.

ST. NICHOLAS regrets that it cannot find room this month for more of the interesting letters it has received. The following are a few of the correspondents who have written to the Letter-Box, and we thank them for the courteous attention to the magazine, and regret that we cannot do more than acknowledge their letters here: George Harrison Ehline, P. H. Turner, Elizabeth Peterman, Shirley H. Stonn, Helen Clark, Keller E. Rockey, Donald Wiley, Dorothy Clark.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Browning; finals, Tennyson. Cross-words: 1. Brant. 2. Rinse. 3. Oaken. 4. Waken. 5. Noisy. 6. Idols. 7. Negro. 8. Groan.

RHYMED BEHEADINGS. Wheel.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 9, Christmas; from 10 to 18, festal day. Cross-words: 1. Coif. 2. Hoopoe. 3. Radiates. 4. Inducement. 5. Sarsaparilla. 6. Trochacal. 7. Manifold. 8. Acacia. 9. Stay.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Iron. 2. Ride. 3. Odds. 4. Nest. II. 1. Year. 2. Else. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. III. 1. Sale. 2. Amit. 3. Lion. 4. Etma. IV. 1. Toad. 2. Ogre. 3. Arms. 4. Desk.

RIDDLE. A bed.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Aim. 3. Armor. 4. Similar. 5. Moldy. 6. Ray. 7. R.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Josephine Sherwood — Louise Ingham Adams — Clara A. Anthony — Mabel M. Johns — Alli and Adi — Nessie and Freddie — "Dondy Small" — Helen C. McCleary.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Reddy and Heady, 2 — Ida A. Coale, 1 — Armon P. Payson, 2 — Shirley Bangs, 2 — Sadie McGiehan, 1 — Marion Cartleton, 2 — Samuel W. Fernberger, 6 — Paul Reese, 9 — Helen Smith, 1 — Edith Osborn, 1 — Mary Crosby, 1 — Marguerite Wells, 1 — S. C. Chew, 1 — Este Paxton, 3 — Katharine W. Stratton, 5 — Paul Lachman, 1 — Gertrude Crozier, 2 — Eleanor Elizabeth Washburn, 7 — Mary K. Rake, 2 — Mama and Betty, 9 — K. S. and Co., 7 — Helen W. Johns, 8 — H. A. R., 10 — Musgrave Hyde, 6 — Uncle George and Aunt Emily, 4 — Annie F. Wildman, 1 — "The B. and two J.'s," 5 — Albert L. Baum, 5 — "Maple Leaf Trio," 7 — F. C. T. and W. N. T., 9 — Anna Sara Longacre, 1 — Agatha Craine, 2 — Fred B. Hallock, 1 — Florence and Edna, 4 — C. D. Lauer and Co., 10 — Freddie S. and Harold J. Frambach, 3 — Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9.

CHARADE.

My first on a dial you may see;
My last are Oriental tales;
My whole I hope you will do to me,
If this attempt to please you fails.

MARY A. GIBSON.

DIAMOND.

1. In space. 2. An animal. 3. To dwell. 4. A slender point. 5. To draw out. 6. One half of a word meaning "chooses by ballot." 7. In space. M. D.

A SWARM OF BEES.

EXAMPLE: Take a bee from to lie in warmth, and leave to request. Answer, b-ask.

1. Take a bee from yeast, and leave part of the body.
2. Take a bee from a hand-carriage, and leave a weapon.
3. Take a bee from a fish, and leave a quadruped.
4. Take a bee from a hunting-dog, and leave a bird.
5. Take a bee from a wild animal, and leave part of the body.
6. Take a bee from a hollow, metallic vessel, and leave part of a house.
7. Take a bee from a place of worship, and leave a feminine name.
8. Take a bee from a note, and leave indisposed.
9. Take a bee from dim or watery, and leave a very unfortunate old man.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Santa Claus. 1. Sword. 2. Apples. 3. Nuts. 4. Trumpet. 5. Abacus. 6. Cake. 7. Lute. 8. Accordion. 9. Uniform. 10. Slate.

CHARADE. Seldom.

ZIGZAG. George Washington. Cross-words: 1. Good. 2. Peer. 3. Moor. 4. Bear. 5. Sage. 6. Feat. 7. Wily. 8. Bard. 9. Mast. 10. Rash. 11. Grp. 12. Anon. 13. Gale. 14. Star. 15. Room. 16. Pawn.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, borrower; 1 to 3, blow-hole; 2 to 4, re-create; 3 to 4, escalade; 1 to 5, bat; 3 to 6, rise; 4 to 5, ear; 3 to 7, eye. Included square: 1. Tare. 3. Avow. 3. Rose. 4. Ever.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Mesopotamia. Cross-words: 1. James. 2. Creed. 3. Misty. 4. Spout. 5. Poppy. 6. Frown. 7. Mates. 8. Crane. 9. Humid. 10. Juice. 11. Twain.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Farewell; finals, December. Cross-words: 1. Fund. 2. Ache. 3. Relic. 4. Ermine. 5. William. 6. Ebb. 7. League. 8. Litter.

10. Take a bee from a thicket, and leave a common garden utensil.

11. Take a bee from a hoarse cry, and leave a line of light.

12. Take a bee from mild, and leave to catch and bring to shore.

13. Take a bee from the strand, and leave every.

14. Take a bee from extending far and wide, and leave a highway.

ACHILLE POIRIER.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBoid.

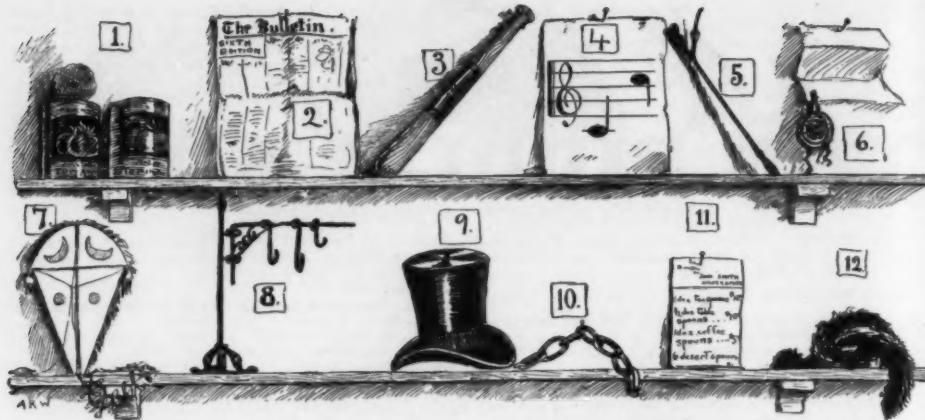


READING ACROSS: 1. To encounter. 2. Profound. 3. A sly look. 4. Humble. 5. A nobleman. 6. Dregs of wine. 7. Want. 8. To eat. 9. To think. 10. A kind of bird.

DOWNWARD: 1. A thousand. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A fish. 4. To swarm. 5. The cry of a bird. 6. A spool. 7. Sharp. 8. A chain of rocks. 9. Part of a flower. 10. An animal. 11. A river. 12. A pronoun. 13. Five hundred.

The letters represented by stars are all the same.

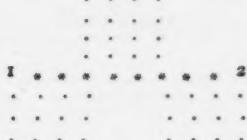
CAROLYN WELLS.



JOHNNY SHOWMAN wanted to give an exhibition of birds and animals. The only drawback was that he had none. But after ransacking the house from garret to cellar, he placed on exhibition the twelve articles pictured, which, he said, represented his menagerie. What birds and animals were shown?

F. H. W.

WORD-SQUARE PYRAMID.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A row. 2. An abbreviation often seen above a crucifix. 3. Formerly. 4. A feminine name.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To burn. 2. A small animal. 3. Surface. 4. To raise up.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Capable. 2. A color. 3. To soothe. 4. Certain fishes. E. BLANC.

WORD-SYNCOPIATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take principal from stayed, and leave a coarse plant. Answer, Re-main-ed, reed.

1. Take the personification of discord from revolves, and leave decays.

2. Take to be indebted to from bestowed copiously, and leave a fragment.

3. Take novel from renovated, and leave a musical instrument.

4. Take the entire sum from a rude couch, and leave to fondle.

5. Take astern from deceitful, and leave to lament audibly.

6. Take one of a certain tribe of Indians from defiles, and leave clips.

7. Take a pronoun from ecclesiastical societies, and leave a famous city.

8. Take a tavern from trespassing, and leave to utter musical sounds.

9. Take part of a fish from explained, and leave an act.

10. Take to incite from to impoverish, and leave to hinder.

11. Take a common article from heath, and leave to give audience or attention to.

12. Take consumed from irrigating, and leave to torture.

Each word removed contains the same number of letters. When these are placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a January festival.

C. D.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. ONE who supports a heavy burden. 2. To express gratitude. 3. The first half of the name of a famous poem. 4. A little ring. 5. A fish. E. B. R.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

SEARCH well for hidden words to find
What January brings to mind—
The first that ushers in the year,
The first to come, the earliest here.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. "If I be rude," remarked the dude,
"T will shatter the subjunctive mood;

2. "If I be rough, if I be tough,
You 'll see the reason plain enough.

3. "I crave excuse for talk so loose;
'T is slang lends English to abuse.

4. "And 't is my aim to scorch the same
With inextinguishable flame.

5. "While standing here in nervous fear,
Lest faulty syntax strike my ear,

6. "My heart is sore in thinking o'er
My gilded ancestry of yore.

7. "They could not be aroused to see
The stir of life in tweedledee.

8. "But I confess what none could guess,—
That one subjunctive, more or less,

9. "Has wrung my pride until I cried,
And took some anti-germicide."

ANNA M. PRATT.



WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

(SEE PAGE 349.)